Hunting Shadows

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Hunting Shadows

by sku7314977

Summary

The FBI have been hunting Le Chiffre for years, when they finally find the infamous banker for world terrorism they begin to keep an eye on him. When Will finds out he gets the idea that Le Chiffre might have a lead on the missing Hannibal Lecter MD.

Deciding to take his chances, Will goes undercover to see if he can gamble a little information from the accountant about their runaway cannibal and his whereabouts. Only things don't go quite according to plan.

Post Season 2

Notes

Hello everyone, Everett_Harte was the winner of my Drabble contest posted a couple weeks back with her piece "The Phoenix and The Dragon" from "Licorice Allsorts".

This piece has gotten away from me a little bit, it's running around 10K and I really find it difficult to proof things that are too large so I'm posting it in two halves. The second portion will be up in a couple of days once I get the ending written and another proof or two done.

Thank you to everyone who participated in the contest!!!

OoOoO

I'm beyond words, Azmon (tumblr username) created a piece of fanart for this story. It's really good, I suggest you check it out if you like the fic. C:

http://azm0n.tumblr.com/post/106587785387/will-graham-playing-against-le-chiffre-inspired

See the end of the work for more notes

Texas Hold'Em

Will had never been an exceptional man at playing cards. Despite the tactics of card counting and a decent enough knowledge of probability to see the odds when he watched a pair of aces flip on the board, there was still a measure of luck necessary in order to win the game and luck was something he had hardly been known for.

The ropy scar on his stomach was proof enough of that.

But then again, wasn't that why he was there? It had taken the FBI years to track down Le Chiffre, an accountant and banker for international terrorists. There was no illegality to being a financer so long as he wasn't caught participating in any of the crimes committed by his clientele, or his own for that matter. It was thanks to his presumably clean hands that the man continued to enjoy his card games and freedom.

Le Chiffre offered the safety of an accessible bank anywhere in the world with no fee's so long as the clientele allowed him the use of their funds in stocks. Stocks he rigged to make his own fortune. It was in Will's belief that Le Chiffre was one of the bankers Hannibal had invested in to keep his money clear of tracking and in quick easy access.

Which meant Le Chiffre would be the only one with a trail on Hannibal. Every espresso he'd tried, every suit he'd bought, everywhere he'd been and the ticket sales for where he would be going.

Will needed that trail.

"Fold." He dropped his hand, loosing another ten thousand tax payer dollars to the financer of world terrorism. They'd been playing for nearly two hours and though Will had never been an exceptionally lucky man he had been cursed with a gift to read people and with that gift had been able to find Le Chiffre's tell, watch the way he touched his face and his broken eye seemed to twitch when he bluffed. It told Will when to play and when to fold and had kept him in the game for far longer than if he hadn't forced himself to look.

"Though you're not exceptionally skilled Mr. Graham you do still have a sense of how and when to play to keep yourself in the game." He smiled at him, wide and welcoming in all the ways a fox welcomed a chicken to dine at his table. "Did the FBI teach you that?"

He swallowed thick, his throat sticking as another hand was dealt as though he hadn't just been ousted, "No," he picked up his hand, glancing at the cards dealt him to toss another chip into the pot, "I learned how to play on the docks from some of my old man's fishing buddies."

Le Chiffre met and raised, watching Will with that tick that told him now was the time to add to the pot. He raised another hundred thousand and watched the pull of lips as Le Chiffre laid his hand to fold, letting Will gather his chips and earn back some of the tax payers dollars. "Is there a particular reason you thought to find your way onto my boat and play me Mr. Graham? A bet higher than chips you'd like to play?"

Another hand was dealt, another buy in at ten thousand and another shitty pile of cards for Will to play with. “I believe that you’re the banker who handles the finances for Hannibal Lecter MD. I want to know where he’s been and where he’s going.” He raised despite his playing cards of Jacks over deuces. It would keep Le Chiffre interested in continuing the game, perhaps put him in a better mood if he could win some extra money for the sake of negotiations.

“I’m afraid I don’t sell out my clientele.” His tipple aces beat Will’s hand and he watched more money slip away. “Their secrecy and security is a part of my guarantee. If I start selling information to the government I would be out of a job.” He didn’t need to add that he would find himself very quickly dead. That much was more than known by both.

Will took the deck, shuffling cards smoother than anything he played with at home. His old deck lost somewhere in the back of a drawer and made ratty from years of solitaire. “You’re a gambling man.” He smiled, it wasn’t his own, it was Hannibal’s, the Rippers. A dark confidence that Will didn’t have and wanted desperately to feel because he needed to win this, he needed to find Hannibal if it was the last thing he did.

He laid the deck of shuffled cards on the table undealt, popping the buttons of his shirt one by one to reveal the wire tapped to his chest. Neither man said another word until Will gripped the wire and pulled it free, snapping the cord from its box and ripping tape from his chest. It hurt like a band aid, leaving his skin pink where the adhesive had been as he laid the transmitter that had been clipped to his jeans on one side and the broken microphone on the other. “I knew him. He knew me and he knows I’m looking for him. Your name will never even come up.” He pulled his cell phone from his pocket, powering it off even as the buzz of a call came through. “You put Hannibal on the table, I’ll throw it all in and every ounce of information we have on you.”

An eye the colored of dark brewed coffee and one the color of ice watched as Will laid himself bare, left completely vulnerable to Le Chiffre, his armed men and whatever he may desire in a gamble that the opposing forces had been removed from. “You’re desperate.” He observed. It was a foolish way to play, encouraged people to make careless mistakes.

Dangerous bets.

“I want Hannibal Lecter.” He emphasised with a near grit of teeth.

A swell of blood pooled at the corner of Le Chiffre’s eye, the crimson pearl rolling down his cheek in a bloody tear as he looked at the man not so many years younger than himself. “What did he do to you?”

Though it was known that Le Chiffre suffered from haemolacria, Will had never found any documentation dictating what had caused it or why, the condition itself filled with enough mystery it still had scientists turning heads with its four known cases. “He destroyed me.” The purple flesh of a fading scare remaining thick and hard over his abdomen was only a physical scratch to the emotional destruction Hannibal had done to him. He’d broken him, rebuilt him and destroyed him again.

Will hadn’t realized that he had actually fallen for the monster until everything was too late.

Until everyone else was gone.

The banker caught the bloody pearl on the corner of his handkerchief, dabbing away the run of blood as he watched the foolish agent lay himself out. “I’m afraid that you’re offer isn’t enough for me to put that kind of information on the table.”

“What is?” Will was afraid of the figure. This man played for millions and Will knew his little farm house wasn’t about to cover that bill.

“I will stake everything I know regarding Dr. Lecter, but in exchange you must put yourself on the table.” He watched the flash of fear behind storm colored eyes as FBI’s special agent Graham was gifted the only offer that would give him half a chance at catching the elusive Hannibal Lecter. “One hand,” He took the deck between them laying two cards face down each, “Texas Hold’em,” Five cards face down in the middle, “Winner takes all.”

Will looked at the card, the set of nine spread out that could give him everything or take it all away. “Will you kill me if you win?” He didn’t hesitate to pick up the cards. He needed Hannibal.

“No,” he smiled, glancing at his own hand before touching a finger to the community cards, “if I win Mr. Graham, I’m going to keep you.” He flipped the first card, a three. “You will work for me,” the second a three, “you will live with me,” a nine, “eat with me, “a seven, “and sleep with me.”

His stomach dropped. The notion of complete ownership of his being given to this one man was enough to bring back the fear he thought he would never feel again.

It was hard to find things to be afraid of after you’d lived through Hannibal.

One last card, a three and Will felt like he could breathe again, laying down his own paired kings to match a full house against his competitor, “Agreed.”

“Basil,” He smiled, wide and thin as he rose from the table to collect a bottle of champagne from the bar fridge, “we’ll be disembarking now, Mr. Graham with be staying with us.” Will flipped the card as two flutes were laid on the table between them. Three and ten.

“Indefinitely.” He pressed a kiss to the profilers jaw, pressing a glass into his hand in celebration.

Four of a kind.

He’d lost.

OoOoO

They’d taken dinner in their room, Le Chiffre having spared no expense in the celebration of Will’s loss. The room was a penthouse suite, the dinner nothing short of what he would have come to expect from Hannibal’s kitchen less the cannibalistic protein, and the champagne was probably worth a quarter of the room. Despite the cost Le Chiffre didn’t seem to care. He was far more interested in paying attention to Will as they settled into their room.

“How are you adjusting Mr. Graham?” he was kneeling by him, adjusting the ankle monitor against his skin to tuck beneath the cuff of his pants. It wouldn’t do to have his winnings running off.

“The cuff isn’t necessary.” Will told him even as the quiet click of a lock sounded for the metal ring to snap and stay. He’d had time to think during the hour long boat ride to the hotel and honestly things could have been a lot worse.

“I’m not going anywhere.” Not for a while at least. Not until he got what he needed. What happened after that would be a different story.

Bicolored eyes turned up to find Will’s focused on the space over his shoulder. Once he had won the profiler his gaze had begun drifting away, “Does it bother you?” They shifted again, focusing on his mouth.

“Does what bother me?” he was studying his face, picking out the thousand differences between Le Chiffre and Hannibal to press against the dozen similarities that seemed striking between them. Le Chiffre was younger for one, his age through appearance set closer to Will’s own with only the very beginning of silver showing in his inky black hair. He was more open with his expressions than Hannibal once they’d finished their game of poker, his smiles more free to pull at thin lips too much like the doctors own and high angling cheek bones that he found his eyes lingering on with thoughts of another whose strong bone structure he’d studied before.

“You haven’t looked me in the eye since losing our game.” He brushed the dust from his pants, offering his ex-profiler a hand. Will stood from the couch on his own, feeling the shift of a weighted ring around his ankle as a dry cool hand took his own, bringing it up to lips to press against his knuckles.

It made something shift in his stomach he wasn’t sure how to interpret. “I don’t like eyes.” He said simply, “The scare doesn’t bother me.” He tried to explain further, knew that he couldn’t. He was to strange for most to understand. That was what had made Hannibal so good for him before everything had gone to hell.

“I see.” He drew him closer, “I want you to relax Will,” Lips brushed against his throat to make him shiver. “This will be your new life now and I would like you to be comfortable in it.” A hand found his shoulder to slide the length of his back and settle above the swell of his ass, pressing their bodies together at last.

He was trying to ease him into it. “It’s been a while.” Will admitted, forcing the arms that hung by his side to slip around broad shoulders. If this was to be a part of his life then it was something he would have himself adjust to sooner rather than later.

“Do we need to wait?” He kissed his throat again, an offer far kinder than Will had been expecting. “There will be other nights Will. This doesn’t have to be now.” He owned him. There would always be other nights. He could wait if that was what his prize needed, time to adjust. It was a small price to pay for compliance. He wasn’t looking for a victim.

“No,” The answer surprised Will as much as it pleased Le Chiffre, the hand that had settled so low on his back sliding further down to cradle the mound of his ass, fingers sliding along the crease of him to squeeze the flesh there. It wasn’t a bad feeling. “I’m fine with this.” What was more surprising was that he really was. In fact, he wanted to.

Celibate for over a year, he hadn’t been touched since the night before Hannibal had taken everything away. It was time to move on to better memories.

Different memories.

“If you ask, we will stop.” He didn’t nip like Hannibal had or suck any marks of possession into his flesh. His ownership was a heavy link of metal wrapped around his ankle, a reminder with every shift and movement to whom he belonged. Instead Le Chiffre kissed him, hands sliding beneath the fabric of the suit he’d worn as part of his cover to slowly strip Will of the coverings, his fingers dancing over the taught flesh of his still purple abdominal scar and old shoulder wound with the same gentle movements it skimmed over the smooth flesh of his back and thighs.

Le Chiffre could feel the ridged flesh and he didn’t care. He didn’t care to ask and he didn’t care to know. Perhaps a respect for the privacy given to his own past, it was a reprieve Will was grateful for.

With a nervousness that came with too long without Will began to follow suit, pushing the fabric of an expensive suit jacket to slide off broad shoulders to the ground. “I won’t ask.” Will reassured Le Chiffre and himself, meeting unfamiliar lips in a kiss. He felt the smile and found himself oddly smiling back, enjoying the feeling of hands on his body as they began towards the bed.

Bare skin slid over the smooth fabric of Egyptian cotton, settling on the center of the bed as Le Chiffre removed the last of his clothing to fall to the floor, stepping out of his pants to get a tube of lubricant and crawl onto the bed to join him. “You’re adjusting quickly. It won’t get you what you want Will.” He kissed his way up the too lean body, catching a pert nipple between his teeth to pinch and suck, making Will bit his lip with the unexpected attack upon his person and dig his fingers into soft sheets.

“It doesn’t matter if I know or not now, I can’t leave.” He laughed with heady gasps as a hand skimmed his inner thigh, a cool dry hand cupping his cock to make flesh jump.

“You’re going to have to earn my trust,” He smiled into the crook of his throat, tugging the cock in his hand with rough little pulls that made the sweetest sounds part Will’s gasping lips, “and that will prove to be quite difficult for you. I was warned months ago,” he licked from collar to earlobe, taking the flesh between his teeth to tug as stormy eyes widened with realization.

“You knew who I was because Hannibal warned you I’d be coming.” His breath hitched with anther beautiful pull on his hardening flesh and his legs were parted, Le Chiffre leaning back to grace him with the smile of a man holding all the aces.

Four fingers slicked with lube he pressed the first into Will's opening, making the lithe body arch for him as he took the first finger inch by inch into his body. "I was informed that there would be attempted contact at some point and offered photographs of who to be expecting." The second entered and Will had to focus on breathing, the slicked digits pushing deep within to touch his prostate with gentle strokes.

Will knew there would be money involved as well. An extra incentive from the doctor to keep himself safe, perhaps even something to let him know when the contact had been made and by whom.

There was a chance that he still might die yet. "How much did he pay you?" Will rolled his hips back against the onslaught of three fingers buried deep inside him. Shivering as he felt them move with such ease.

"I guarantee privacy and secrecy. He offered and I refused. It would be bad for business to start charging for what is already guaranteed." Will didn't doubt it would also be considered rude. He could easily see Hannibal dismissing Le Chiffre if he ever thought there may be a threat to his person from the man atop him.

Will couldn't help the groan that parted lips when fingers drew from him, their master quickly slicking the length of his curved cock before pressing the swollen head to Will's sodden hole. He arched, breath caught in his throat as Le Chiffre entered him in a slow push. Arms circled Will's waist, pulling his lithe body tight against his own, encouraging arms around his shoulders once more. "Will you be telling him of our bet?" Will gasped, feeling the press of a cock to his prostate.

"You don't need to concern yourself with Hannibal anymore, Will," he captured lips permanently colored a kiss swollen pink, "Hannibal is no longer your problem. He is the FBI's problem and you no longer work for the FBI." Will couldn't argue, not with the man finding his pleasure with ever other thrust, his mind wouldn't focus long enough to form words.

Le Chiffre, Will was learning, was thicker than Hannibal. A pleasant surprise to the ex-profiler who was canting his hips to meet each thrust to bubble moans from his throat.

More soft kisses danced across his skin, hands skimming his side as murmured words he didn't know were pressed into his skin. He wrapped his legs around the banker's waist, urging his thrusts deeper, faster. "Le Chiffre," He moaned the name, mouth finding his again to kiss him silent as he found his end with another well aimed thrust.

His breath was ragged when he came between them, body shivering as several hot spurts streaked his stomach white. "You're beautiful Will," He smiled, licking his way into Will's mouth as his tempo slowed, Le Chiffre finding his own pace within the profiler with a gentle rock that had him keening against the continued onslaught, gripping him tighter with hitching breaths and strangled cries of pain filled pleasure, each swallowed by the banker canting on top.

Le Chiffre counted Will's lose as one of his greatest victories. Face flushed with arousal and eyes blown with lust he was the definition of beauty, a delicacy more exquisite than

Strawberries Arnaud, and entirely for only he to sample and claim.

Will was fighting his recovery not for the first time for a bed partner, feeling the forcing of a second arousal with every press against his prostate filling him with an intensity that made him reel, caught between pleasure and pain and just too much. “Le Chiffre!” He cried his name again, biting his lip hard enough to draw blood as a hand came between them to stroke Will’s swelling erection back to hardened flesh, urging him toward his second peek.

His muscles jumped with each overwhelming stroke of head to prostate and hand to cock, a pleasure building pressure at the base of his spin making him cry with broken sounds of need.

His hips continued to move, filling Will again and again as he sought his own end, kissing Will into quite submission as he hit his prostate with uncanny accuracy and the younger man clenched his heat tight around him. Le Chiffre came with a moan, his pleasure found vocally as he seated himself within to be taken to the root, filling Will completely as his heat flooded his insides.

Will shuttered, wrapped around the broader man as he felt him reach his peek, the hand between them pumping his cock into a second orgasm that came too quickly since the last. He cried out as another wave of pleasure crashed through him with the finding of his climax, clutching to Le Chiffre as though he were the only life line keeping Will afloat in an ocean of pleasure.

He kissed him gently, light feathery presses of thin lips so much like Hannibal’s to his face and neck, fingers gently combing through the satin curls of his hair as he was slowly brought down from the high of the orgasm that claimed him. “You’re beautiful.” He smiled, eyes looking for the elusive blue that continued to watch his mouth.

“I’m broken.” Will grinned, fucked out and ready for bed. “But you have all the time in the world to figure that out.”

OoOoO

TBC

Family

Chapter Summary

Some development of their relationship.

Chapter Notes

I feel like I need to explain something here, when I watched casino royal I had paid very close attention to the relationship between Le Chiffre and his girlfriend and couldn't help but notice that they sincerely seemed to care for one another.

In the film Le Chiffre rushed back to his room because Valenka says that she needs him, it's an emergency and he actually hurries back to her despite being in the process of working a $150,000,000 game in the casino. Though it had been a trap and Valenka had her arm threatened to be removed she still worked her butt off trying to protect Le Chiffre, she didn't seem to hold it against him. In their own way they seemed to honestly care for each other and to me that says the Le Chiffre does something to make her love him, for Valenka to want to protect and be with him.

So going by this it would be in my opinion that Le Chiffre would be doing something to keep Will. That's basically what I'm running with to work out his personality for this story.

I own nothing.

Not. Beta. Read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It hadn't taken long for Le Chiffre to discover exactly how 'broken' his William truly was. Within the first week of their new arrangement his prize had wondered out of range of his ankle monitor, rousing the infamous banker with thoughts of escape as he rounded his men to hunt down the runaway. Though he had been greeted with an unexpected surprise when instead of a man racing down the cobblestone in a getaway he had found him walking the watery streets of Venice in a daze, Will having sleepwalked out of their room.

With muttered apologies and blurry eyes Will had climbed into the offered car next to Le Chiffre with all the restraint of a mushroom, following the banker as if he were returning to his own bed in Wolf Trap and not to the arms of a terrorist.

Though the easy adjustment appeared as peculiar to most, for Will it was simply another adjusting development in his life he had already come to terms with. One he considered a small price to pay when it placed him so close to the knowledge that lay at Le Chiffre's fingertips.

Hannibal had been patient and so would Will.

Le Chiffre found the easiest remedy to the complication of Will's wondering was the addition of a padlock to the inside of their bedroom door, the key to which keep in the drawer of his night stand. It left him only waking to Will wondering their room at night instead of flooded streets, a far easier task to collect his empath from and tuck back into bed.

By the time he'd gotten Will home to their villa in Paris, France he had found himself waking to the screaming of night terrors, his prize throwing himself from their bed with a hand clutched to his stomach in ghost pains of times gone by, an icy sweat slicking his body as leaned over and heaved, vomiting onto the Persian rug set beneath their bed.

It wasn't the first time, it would not be the last.

"Another dream," Le Chiffre soothed, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he poured a glass of water for his beloved. "It's only a dream." Kneeling by the shaking Will he rubbed soft circles into his back pushing the offered water into his hand, encouraging small sips to ease the sour taste of vomit from his mouth.

"Sorry," His voice was uneasy as he tried to blink away memories of a knife buried in the muscle of his belly, the quite pained voice of a man he'd loved tearing him open as vivid as the day he had open Will up. Damn his empathy, the nightmare never died.

"There is nothing for you to be sorry about," Even after so many weeks together Will was still left surprised when not for the first time Le Chiffre showed more patience and kindness than he had anticipated. When he had met him for the first time, stared into his mismatched eyes and followed him onto the boat for a game of cards he knew had every chance to be his last Will hadn't been able to see so much as a molecule of kindness hidden within the slightly older man. What he had seen was a proud business man, clever and quick with his mind and his numbers who suffered silently from truths still unknown. He hadn't been able to see the gentle touches hidden beneath skin stretched over muscle and bone for those he longed to share himself with.

For some reason Will was something special to him, the longer he remained within the man's life the more he realised that though he had been won Le Chiffre had come to consider Will as something more, something, no, someone special he valued in his life rather than an object won and owned. "You don't have to do this Le Chiffre ," He took another sip of water, sitting back against the warm body of the man behind him as he let strong arms wrap around him to be his anchor, easing his mind began to settle.

"I only do what I want, Will. You should know that by now." He pressed a gentle kiss to his temple and reached for the phone by the bedside table, pressing a button to wake his housekeeper and let him know he had something to clean in the main bedroom.

Will said nothing more after that, letting Le Chiffre lead him out of their bedroom and a sitting room on the same level. Larger than their bedroom it was illuminated by the light of the moon shimmering through a mosaic of colored glass to paint the floor a mélange of colors.

It was beautiful and honestly Will's favorite room in the house, the villa having once been a grand church with towering cathedral ceilings and arching windows and doors. Though the building had been remodeled several times over the years, the large sheets of stained glass windows still remained to cast rainbows of reds and blues over the marble floors of the household. The largest window, a twelve foot circle reminding Will of a kaleidoscope of saints was set above the fireplace of that sitting room, a room he had long since claimed for his own.

Le Chiffre had let him, leaving Will to his own devices when he searched for privacy within the sanctuary of the room, whether to read or sit in quiet contemplation made no difference to the banker who seemed to understand Will better than he had any right to, only entering the room when Will inhabited it when given permission to do so, allowing Will a place to call his own.

It was another kindness he had not anticipated and one Le Chiffre only went against when bringing Will to his safe place late at night after the nightmares.

As president of his business, Le Chiffre was not a man restricted to the working hours of nine to five. Free to sleep as he liked and rise with the sun or the moon as he wished, Le Chiffre always chose to rise with Will. Always choosing to leave the warmth of their bed during the night in favor of keeping his darling Will company, be it to walk through the gardens at night and breath in cool air as they watched the stars and Will waited for sleep to creep upon him once more and chance away the insomnia or sit with him as the maids and butlers saw to fresh sheets or cleaned the carpet.

In the two months they had spent together, Le Chiffre had almost always chosen to stay awake with Will and keep the other man company as his frayed nerves calmed, the only standing exception for an important business meeting Le Chiffre had expected in the early hours of the morning. Even then he refused to leave Will to suffer alone in the shell of his him, instead holding Will against him to comb fingers through the silky hair of chocolate curls until he calmed enough to close his eyes and see nothing but black, the rivers of blood fading to shadows behind his eyes.

It was peaceful, soothing and more than Will had anticipated. More than he had ever expected.

With every night Le Chiffre followed him from bed, it seemed to move something within Will a little more, a warmth spreading across his cheeks and through his chest as gentle fingers combed his hair and thin lips found his own in soothing kisses and sleep muttered words of comfort. It made his tongue seem too big for his mouth, throat too dry to swallow, words too hard to force as a kinder nature only given to the things Le Chiffre cared about or felt belonged to him was directed at Will, "Perhaps I'm still not use to being someone people want." His smile was strained as he watched the banker light a fire to blend orange firelight through the melding colors that danced across the floor.

“You are very wanted,” Hands smoother than Hannibal’s had been cupped his face, tilting Will’s to meet stormy eyes with bicolored ones, “so wanted I wish for your complete comfort within our home.” Though Will still didn’t know why, even after two months living with the man had yet to discern the reason for Le Chiffre’s interest in him.

Another smile pulled his lips as he brushed stray flying curls to smooth among the rest, framing Will’s face as he leaned in to kiss the corner of his mouth. “I couldn’t help but notice that you’ve been mooning over something, perhaps someone in your old life.” He touched their foreheads to keep the eye contact he had forged between them, pressing on. “I took the liberty of looking into your old life to see what it is you might have been missing,” Will didn’t know whether or not to feel violated by the act, “I hope you will forgive me for my prying, but I have a surprise for you.”

Will furrowed his brow, curious what this man could possibly have derived from his old life short of corpses and fishing gear, “A surprise?” he encouraged.

His smile widened, no poker face given as he rose to step away from his prize. “Wait here a moment. I had been saving this for your birthday, but perhaps you would enjoy it more now.” He left Will by the fireside to warm the chill of nightmares from his bones as he went to collect his gift.

It gave Will a few moments to let his mind wonder towards what that ‘gift’ might be. He’d been given more than enough clothes both in his style and in Le Chiffre, slimmer fitting suits and shapely pants to better reveal Will and his figure at the banker’s events. He’d been given designer watches he only wore to tell the time and expensive cologne he knew Hannibal would have approved of in favor of the Old Spice he’d preferred to wear and Le Chiffre refused to supply him.

He was treated like a Queen in Le Chiffre court of men, all of which directed to follow Will’s orders as if they had come from Le Chiffre himself so long as they did not assist in his escape or allow him any knowledge towards Le Chiffre clientele or work.

He’d never been left wanting for anything in his time with Le Chiffre with the exception of his home back in Wolf Trap and Hannibal.

He felt his heart break at the sound of a dogs bark.

Will nearly dropped his glass of water as he got to his feet, abandoning the cup on the table to turn toward the stairs. “Winston?” His eyes watered as he watched seven dogs bound over the stairs, a herd of wagging tails and lulling tongues rushing to greet him. He dropped to his knees to meet every lick with hugs and scratches, tears streaked long wet lines over his cheeks like salty rivers to drip from his chin as he was surrounded by warm soft fur and the unrequited love he’d been missing so bad he’d ached for it. A family lost he thought he’d never see again.

Blue grey eyes rimmed with red turned to meet with bicolored blue and brown, “Thank you…” He meant it, meant it so much it hurt.

“You missed your family.” He said as though it answered for everything, though it was a feeling he did not know himself. “Perhaps you’ll find yourself able to sleep better now.”

Stepping forward through the pack of loving dogs he took Will’s hands to tug him back to his feet. “They are not allowed in the bed. But for tonight you may have them in the room.” It was more than enough.

They tripped back to their room with the furry herd at their feet, barely making it to the bed before Will pushed the banker to his back, settled between Le Chiffre’s legs to tug silk pants and boxers to his knees. “You don’t have to do that Will.” He smiled, propping a pillow behind himself to better enjoy the show, he knew he would feel the warmth of supple lips wrapped around him soon enough, despite his words.

Will met his mismatched eyes with storm clouded blue; there was a sharpness to those usually elusive depths a gratefulness and sense of want. If Le Chiffre were brave enough to set a name to the strange energy that ran through them, he would have described it as nothing short of a broken love.

“I only do what I want to. You should know that by now.” He smiled, reviving words of earlier kindness as he leaned forward, licking what seemed to be permanently kiss swollen lips to lick the older man’s flaccid cock into his mouth. A lustful hum blessed his ears as he gently worked the length of flesh between his lips, taking the base to stroke in hand as he tonged the head, ran his tip along its slit and hollowed cheeks.

“Will,” he moaned the ex-profilers name, barely able to help the buck of hips into the warmth that surrounded him, moaning as flesh swelled under the work of skilled fingers and artful tongue, its girth stretching Will’s lips wide as his hand slid to tease the velvet sack of balls and he opened his throat to swallow the head brushing back against it.

Broad hands combed flyaway curls as quiet moans were pulled from his lips with the sliding of mouth over his cock and focus of tongue to his slit. “You’re welcome.” He breathed, watching as blue eyes for the first time since their meeting sought his own, a genuine wanting in them he hadn’t seen until that moment. “Let me know if you would like anything else William, anything at all.” He encouraged thoughts of frivolous desire.

A stray tear rolled the length of his cheek as he leaned forward to suck more of the heavy flesh into his mouth, swallowing around the head that touched his throat to bruise as he made the man stroking his hair with gentle hands groan in pleasure above him.

The sound of his deep accented voice was gratifying in a way it hadn’t been before, not that Will hadn’t enjoyed the feel of Le Chiffre’s thin lips wrapped around his own aching cock or the press of strong hips pushing his thick heavy flesh to bury deep within him, it simply hadn’t been as gratifying to hear the slightly older man find his pleasure in Will’s flesh as it was in that moment.

What had begun as an ownership and the fulfillment of obligation had slowly grown into friendship and then…Will didn’t know what it was changing into again, but this thing between them was evolving once more. Changing for Will where it already had for Le Chiffre.

He wanted to make this man happy.

It was almost empowering to know that he could draw soft sounds of desire from this man with a sweep of his tongue and hollowing of his cheeks, taste the bitter salt of precum over his tongue when he kissed his cock with an open mouth before sliding the length down his throat, taking him to the root.

In honest Will felt as though he were only touching the tip of the iceberg in repaying the grand kindness that had been bestowed upon him with the return of his family.

A warning tug was all Will received before his lover arched into him, thick bitter heat filling Will's mouth as he emptied himself inside him. Fighting not to choke on the salty cum that coated his tongue Will swallowed the bitter gift down, letting the softening flesh slip from his swollen lips with a lewd pop.

He swallowed air in much needed breaths as he tucked the flaccid cock away, "Come here," he purred, tugging Will to crawl up his body and join him higher on the bed, capturing the satisfied smile pulled on pink swollen lips in a kiss before arranging the slightly smaller male to spoon against him with a protective arm wrapped around his middle. "As much as I would love to continue, you need to sleep Will. You've had too many nights without enough rest." Feeling a nose bury in curls too much like Hannibal had once done, Will tried to think instead of the man behind him, the one who stroked his stomach in languid circles and offered a sigh of defeat to pat the mattress by Will's side, summoning the pack of eager dogs to their master's side.

Will didn't doubt it would ruin the sheets. It was a gift Hannibal would have never allowed.

"Only tonight," He whispered with a kiss, sounding nothing like the man he used to love and exactly like the one he was beginning to.

OoOoO

"Is there any particular reason you feel like showing me off this evening?" Will murmured as he accepted a glass of dark amber liquid smelling of pricy scotch, vanilla and smoke. Though the brand name always seemed to escape him it had become one of Will's favorites during his time spent with Le Chiffre and in turn became a regular stock for their villa.

He enjoyed it just as much sipping the pricy beverage in public where he could be seen as the eye candy Le Chiffre enjoyed him to be during their outings, as he enjoyed drinking it at home. "It is our six month anniversary." He explained, leading Will to a secluded table away from the people that milled the floor of the grand casino.

A business trip that overlapped on a date Le Chiffre refused to push aside in favor of fortune. It was a celebration of the night he had won his darling William. Over their too short time together Will had finally began to warm up to him with the gathering of his pack, he wanted to make sure Will understood exactly how important that acceptance he had gained from the ex-agent was to him, placing Will before his clientele.

“You make it sound like we’re dating.” Will wasn’t sure if it would be the right term or not. He had never been forced into anything, but he wasn’t sure how much choice he had ever had in such things to begin with.

“Aren’t we?” Leaving Will to seat himself he flagged down a waiter for a bottle of their best champagne.

When Will saw the waiter he felt his heart stop.

The smile Jimmy Price greeted them with as he quickly jotted bullshit on a notepad having nothing to do with champagne selections was enough to have Will tasting bile. “And what’s the special occasion?”

“It’s our anniversary,” Le Chiffre answered in kind, pausing as the cooling roll of a blood tear over skin caught his attention, excusing himself for a moment he turned from the waiter to see to the red pearl in his eye as Will watched lips mouth out a silent message. The man he had once called offering comfort and a wink before smiling at the banker and walking away.

If Price was there, he knew Jack wouldn’t be far behind.

“I need the rest room, excuse me.” Will frowned, gaining a look from his lover as he rose from the table.

Le Chiffre’s hand found his own as he rose, a look of concern coloring the older man’s face as he watched Will. “Is something the matter?” He could read the real question without Le Chiffre voicing it. *Had he offended him? Assumed too much?*

Leaning close he caught thin lips in a kiss, squeezing the hand that held his own, “Everything’s fine. I forgot to use the washroom before we left. Go ahead and order for me, I’ll be right back.”

Letting him go bi-colored eyes watched as the ex-profiler made his way across the floor, weaving through tables dressed in snowy linins and violet accents, silver cutlery and crystal glasses to disappear into the men’s room.

Another waiter was all too quick to follow him inside.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading~<3

Your kudos are rolling on the floor with puppies in a room illuminated in rainbow colors, your comments are following Will into the bathroom to see who's stalking him.

The author is sleeping because she FINALLY broke her insomnia. WooHoo!!!

Hannibal

Chapter Summary

Will has a discussion with Jack and Le Chiffre gets Will an unexpected surprise.

Chapter Notes

Not a word.

Not one word.

I know that this fic keeps growing, but I refuse to cut anything out of it so enjoy the story that never ends. XD

I own nothing.

Not beta read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Whatever you're doing here, don't." Will turned on Brian before he could utter a word. "I sent my resignation letter six months ago, I wasn't kidnapped." He watched the man's face fall in startled disbelief, it was possibly the first time he had seen the man at a loss for words. "Whatever they paid to do this, it's a waste of funds."

"I'm sorry, did you just refuse to be rescued?" He looked at Will as though the profiler might have sprouted a second head. "You went undercover, were ousted, cut off and the 'resignation letter' you sent was a god damn text! It could have been from anyone! You disappeared off the grid for nearly six months and now that we've finally found you, you're going to tell me that you're *fine*?" Jimmy conveniently took that moment to enter, "Are you trying to tell me that you *want* this?" He took a step closer, teeth clenched as he met eyes that had so often avoided his own, "Because I was under the impression you fought on the side of the law, not worked against it."

Jimmy frowned, "Did Will become a terrorist while I was serving champagne?"

"Apparently!" He could have been throwing his arms in the air with exasperation for the look he was giving him.

Pale brows furrowed in deep confusion as Jimmy turned back to Will, pulling his pen and pad from his apron pocket to jot a quick message before turning it to Will, *'Are you bugged?'*

concern and hope colored both their faces and Will felt his stomach drop with the guilt.

These men had once been his friends, or as close to friends as he ever could have come to that weren't furry quadrupeds or serial killers.

Taking a breath Will wet his lips as he tried for the courage he didn't feel. He already knew he wasn't going to enjoy the conversation he was about to have. "I'm not bugged." He swallowed back the mouth souring guilt as he watched their faces fall. He wished that he wanted to go home.

But he didn't. "Where's Jack?" He knew he would be close, If Jimmy and Brian were there then Jack would have to near. With the way his night was shaping up Will wouldn't have been surprised to find out that half a dozen of the patrons sitting at tables that night and a quarter of the kitchen staff were agents waiting to finally take down the infamous banker for terrorism.

"Are you fucking kidding me? What the hell happened to you? You were the one who volunteered for that mission, said you could handle it, you'd be fine, it wasn't too soon. What happened." Brian was seething, understandably so.

Will swallowed. "I made a bet." He admitted, at last tearing his eyes from his angry friends to rub some of the stress from them as he leaned back against the marble counter, he was suddenly getting a headache. "He knew who I was, wouldn't tell me a lick of information on Hannibal. But he knows where he is, he knows how to find him."

"What did you do?" The words were whispered, deep seated concern Will didn't deserve.

Another breath, another truth he hadn't wanted to share. "I made a bet." He said again, turning to face the pair, "and I lost."

"That doesn't mean that you have to stay Will." Brian grabbed him by the shoulders, already feeling that some sense of Stockholm syndrome could be swaying Will's opinion on the matter. "We're here now, we can get you out. There are other ways to get Hannibal."

He shrugged out of what should have been a reassuring hold, "There aren't." He'd already tried them all. "Le Chiffre knows where he is, he knows how to get to him." Stormy eyes turned to meet with Brian's once more. "I'm not leaving." He didn't want to.

"Jesus Christ, you're obsessed." Pity? Disgust? It could have been either plaything through the agents face, Will didn't care to have either directed at him.

His tongue was suddenly feeling too big for his mouth, swollen and heavy as he tried to make it form the words. "I like it here. With him. I like being with Le Chiffre." He worked his jaw, trying again to make the words come out. "I'm not leaving. I'm not hunting for Hannibal anymore. I don't want to." He lifted the leg of his pants, showing the platinum band of metal that adored his ankle like an artful accessory instead of the branding it represented. "I'm staying."

He looked at their fallen faces, both men lost for what to do for their friend who seemed to have lost his mind over the past six months. Then again may be he was simply never sane to begin with. “Put Jack on the phone.”

“You need to re-consider Will, if we leave, we won’t be coming back.” Jimmy routed out his cell phone, punching a ten digit number before handing it to Will. “He’s just outside, waiting about half a block down the street in a getaway car…waiting to pick you up.”

As a wave of nausea turned his stomach as Will tried not to feel too guilty taking the phone. Closing his eyes he took a breath as the commanding voice he’d almost forgotten filled his ear. “This had better be good news.” Meaning a call detoured from the plan.

“It’s Will.” He could almost see the relief on his old friends face; hear him release the breath he’d been holding while waiting for the operation to pull through. “I’m not coming back, Jack.”

“Excuse me?” Anger, Jack’s first line of defence to get what he wanted, some things never changed.

“I’m not coming back. I sent my resignation. I’m staying.” He ignored the two having their own private outrage behind him as he continued to run up Price’s long distance charges.

There was a pause, a moment of silence drawing out between them as Jack tried to work out Will’s reasoning. “If this is about Hannibal Lecter, it’s time to let it go.” His tone alone told Will what he really meant, Jack didn’t mean it was time to drop Hannibal, he meant it was time to drop Le Chiffre as a lead. Jack would follow Hannibal until the day he died.

As would Will.

“This isn’t about Hannibal.” He licked his lips, taking another breath as voices rose behind him, a hand plucking the phone from his ear. He turned, a finger touching his lips before the protest could leave them, Le Chiffre silencing him without a word as he placed the phone to his ear.

“Jack, was it? I believe Will submitted his resignation to you some time ago, but as you seem to have misunderstood its declaration allow me to further explain the purpose of his message.” He turned to Will, watching his face for doubt or pain, “Will no longer works for the FBI. Nor will he be returning to his old home in Wolf Trap. He has entered into a contract with me, on his own accord.”

He smiled as a retort shouted through the receiver, the dark haired man lifting the phone away as he waited for the shouting to stop. “Good bye Jack.” Dropping the device to the floor Jimmy made a little sound as he watched his phone disappear underfoot with a crunch, ending the agents enraged voice on its other end.

His eyes turned to Will, “Thank you for ruining our evening.”

Whatever else was exchanged among the science team Will would never see again he didn’t have a chance to hear, a hand to his waist hurrying him out of the bathroom and away from

the restaurant. “You should have told me.” Le Chiffre growled, raising a hand as they exited the building, they barely waited a moment before he was pushing Will into the back seat of their limo.

Will rubbed his arm where the bruising grip had dragged from the restaurant they would no longer be celebrating within, the first act of cruelty to be used against him in his six months of knowing Le Chiffre. “Everything was fine.” Will tried to ease his rage, “I was just letting them know not to bother. I hadn’t meant to ruin our night.”

“No Will, you lied to me.” He slid across the seat making room for Le Chiffre to climb in next to him before the chauffeur turned the key, rolling the engine and pulling them onto the street.

Will felt his stomach drop, ghost pains stabbing through the flesh of his stomach as memories suddenly too fresh clawed their way back to the front of his mind. “I did not lie to you,” He fought to keep his voice still, reminding himself that Le Chiffre was not Hannibal, it wasn’t about to happen again. “I didn’t share with you something you didn’t need to know.”

“You didn’t think I should know that the FBI had arrived to take you away?” He sneered, gripping Will by the chin to make grey eyes meet bicolored ones. “You didn’t think it was pertinent for me to know that the people hoping to arrest me and take you away had come to perform a rescue operation?” He curled his lip, eyes narrowed as he watched Will fight to keep his sight on him, to pay him that little respect of meeting him in the eye. “Would take you and my freedom from me?”

He was shaking.

Memories of blood filled his mind like a bomb, flashes of red sprays and a girl he couldn’t save, a woman he had failed to keep safe and a man he never should have turned against.

Regrets he would not repeat.

“I’m sorry.” He was shaking, hands grabbing hands smoother than Hannibal’s, turning into a touch lacking the callouses that had once smoothed over his skin, mouth quivering kisses against a wrist that pulsed quicker more responsive than Hannibal’s, eyes searching eyes that shed blood tears unlike Hannibal’s and a face that held so much resemblance at times he had to remind himself to breath. “I was telling them no.” He closed his eyes, taking a breath as he tried to push back the ache of a knife in his guts. “I was cutting ties, Le Chiffre. I was hoping not to ruin our night.”

Silence fell between them, the hum of traffic outside their only break from the quiet as Will waited for the other man’s decision, hoping for a bullet instead of a knife.

The slid of a thumb along his jaw nearly made him choke, the simple movement too close to the one trapped within his mind. “No more secrets.” He whispered, the same second chance offered now as what Hannibal had once gave to him. “Are you still hoping to use me to get to Hannibal?”

Mouth dry he tried to wet his lips with a tongue too dry to do so, “I will always hunt Hannibal Lecter.” His smile was pained, “but I won’t use you to get him. When I find him I won’t be turning him in to the FBI.”

That thumb ran along his jaw once more, scraping over the scruff of his beard as he was considered, the blood pearl of a tear reaching the corner of lips still too close to Hannibal’s own. “You would allow this man to rule your dreams, your waking life and now you would allow his hand to rule my own?” In a moment of kindness he had not anticipated a kiss found his lips, “You are obsessed with Hannibal Lecter.”

“He destroyed my life.” Will swallowed, leaning forward in hopes of a second kiss, he was met half way, a hand sliding behind his back to bring his body forward and press against Le Chuffer’s.

“It is time to let go of the past Will.” A gentle tug guided Will to straddle his lap, a hand working down the fabric of his pants to make him flush with such public exposure even with the tinted windows. “You will never see Hannibal again.”

The slid of fingers along the cleft of his ass in a slow gentle press was enough to bring him calm, to let the ex-profiler know that he would be forgiven this trespass and let his breath shutter with the coming of relief and fading of danger.

Swallowing the disappointment that rolled through his stomach as a promise was given he could find no comfort in, Will leaned forward to capture lips in an apologetic kiss, feeling the gentle circle of fingers teasing the ring of his entrance, making his cock jump as he rolled his hips against the man beneath him. “I want to find him.” He murmured, opening his mouth to accept the probing tongue that asked for entrance, gasping into his lover’s mouth as a finger slicked with lube he had not seen pressed into him.

He bucked feeling the slow push of a finger all the way to the knuckle, the teasing strokes against his prostate drawing whimpers from his lips, “Because you love him.” It wasn’t a question.

Will would never stop looking for Hannibal Lecter.

OoOoO

It had been a year to the day, and Will was right back where he’d started. More or less.

They were in Venice, on the yacht that Le Chiffre had first won Will on. Only this time the ex-profiler was a genuine guest, swimming and diving in the salty waters that surrounded them as his banker handled some clientele business before dinner.

It had slowly become common place, after Will had proven himself trustworthy with the refusal to abandon Le Chiffre during their six month anniversary, that the banker had slowly began to allow his work to travel into Will’s life, giving the pair more time together. It also allowed the banker to show Will off like a prize to his clientele in well fitted clothing and snide remarks while sipping whiskey.

He had proven himself again when a choice was presented almost like a second chance given by fate. Will had to choose between the right thing to do, and the man he had come to love.

He refused to make the same mistake twice, forgoing betrayal to add the smallest drop of poison to a British agent's martini. Killing one man to save another, allowing Will the second chance to make things right for the man he'd come to love.

Love, Will wasn't sure when it had happened, but he had in fact done just that and fallen in love with the mysterious accountant. Two lonely men, brought together by strange circumstance that had them finding peace in each other. It would have made Will think of Hannibal if not for the happy ending that Le Chiffre had provided.

Holding his breath Will dove to the cool waters depths, smiling to himself as he found another oyster to pry apart with his pocket knife, destroying the little aquatic life to pluck a small ivory pearl from its center.

Le Chiffre liked pearls, a little secret discovered one night when the accountant had Will on his knees, adoring his throat with tiny beads of precum in the dotted line of a necklace, the man admitting his love for the feminine stone in their throws of passion.

Platinum and pearls, his favorites.

After discovering his little secret, Will began paying attention to his accessories. There were only a select few that adorned the small ivory stone, but they were obviously his favorites, cleaned almost as soon as they were removed and replaced to their small velvet lined cases where the links and pins couldn't be scratched.

For a man who had everything, what could be a better anniversary gift than a pile of freshly harvested salt water pearls?

Will had no idea. But the man had been more than pleased the time he'd gone diving for oysters to have with dinner, helping Will shuck each of them open to gather the little stone from inside.

Opening a small pouch he had taken into the water with him, Will dropped the little ball to join the rest. He had collected nearly twenty, each pearl unique in its color and shape thanks to their natural growth in the waters. Will hoped it was something Le Chiffre would appreciate, it was all he could think of.

Satisfied with having spent the last two hours diving for the small treasures, Will would be able to add the number of gems to the rest of his growing pile, a grand total of sixty-three to gift to his lover.

Knife and pouch safely tucked away in the zipping pocket of his swim shorts Will made his way back to the yacht, taking the cool metal of the railing in hand to walk the steps back on board. One of their bodyguards, a tall thin man named Basil, greeting him with a large fluffy towel. He was grateful to take it, soaking the excess water from his skin as he walked the length of the boat to find his boyfriend seated with a client.

One he hadn't expected to see.

"William, welcome back." Le Chiffre greeted in Will's return as he made his way toward the lower decks to shower and dress.

The need clean himself was suddenly non-existent as Will met eyes with the man who had left him to die. "Doctor Lecter," he tried not to let the name stammer off his lips, "It's been a while." He watched the play of energy beneath his bloodied eyes.

He hadn't known Will was there.

"You're looking well, Will." He said it and he meant it, the too lean form of the profiler he had held beneath him time and again to press into the sheets with deep moving thrusts and passionate kisses had finally began to fill out, muscle tone and body fat making Will a healthy subject of humanity. The dark rings he had always known to reside beneath the bright pools of blue-grey eyes faded by nights of rest and a healthy hue to his skin, sun kissed and cared for.

Even the scar on his belly had faded, a vitamin E cream added to his daily routine.

"Le Chiffre, you hadn't mentioned having another guest aboard." Will could read the promise of blood beneath his thin smile, it made his stomach twist.

"Will isn't a guest." Le Chiffre provided, drawing eyes away from the ex-profiler and to himself as he began to shuffle a pack of smooth blue casino cards. "He lives with me, we've been seeing each other for almost a year."

Will watched the minute expressions of Hannibal's body and face as he absorbed the information provided, the tension in his jaw and shift of skin over muscle, the small movement of fingers not into a ball, but the barest flex in irritation.

The man had been Will's life for nearly a year before they'd 'separated'. In a ways he still was, consuming pieces of Will in his absence as much as he had with Will in his arms. "He is an agent for the FBI." A friendly warning or a jealous dismissal disguised as one?

"I'm well aware of what William *used* to be," he dealt a hand, Texas Hold'em, "He sent his resignation letter some time ago."

The air of indifference might have been enough to fool Le Chiffre, it wasn't for Will. Hannibal was hurt. Will had managed for Le Chiffre what he had failed to do for him, for them. "Did he?" His eyes didn't find Will again, instead focusing on the game in front of them. His walls were up, but Will had already seen over them, it was easier to climb them the second time. Easier to find the cracks and peak inside. "You don't believe that he may be working undercover against you?"

Bitter, he was still so bitter. "I had been," Will interrupted, coming up behind Le Chiffre to draw his hand across his shoulders, feeling the warmth of skin and muscles softer than the steal he knew to be Hannibal's. Toned, gentle, but not nearly so strong. He didn't murder for fun. Le Chiffre, Will had learned, was nothing like Hannibal.

He loved him for it.

“But he figured me out thanks to the pictures you’d sent him, ousted me during our game.” He leaned over one shoulder arms looped lazy around his front in a show as he turned his head to kiss the corner of Le Chiffre’s mouth, chin resting on his shoulder. “Since he’d figured me out I laid it all on the board. Gambled myself,” His boyfriend was enjoying the show, enough to dismiss the dampness of sea water soaking into his shirt. “I’ve been with him ever since, and I’ve been happy.”

The last part was most important, to let Hannibal know that Will had managed to rebuild his life without him, “You use to wonder how I’d managed to play you so long,” he turned his attention to Le Chiffre, the criminal banker glancing to him with a side look as Will nuzzled close, “Your tell,” the sign that let him know when he had been bluffing, “is the tapping of your finger and the tick in your blind eye.” He whispered the words stealing a kiss, before slowly drawing back, arms sliding over the rich fabric of his shift for fingers to linger a moment longer before turning to walk below deck.

Will, could hardly hold his smile.

“One year anniversary,” He opened the dresser drawer, filling a small velvet pouch with his newly acquired pearls before selecting a pair of fitted slacks to hug sensually to his hips, “I got him pearls,” he almost laughed, tugging on an equally fitted t-shirt.

“He got me Hannibal Lecter.”

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are getting doggie bags to go, your comments are diving for oysters.

Two ending have been written.

Everyone Wins - Read 4, 5, 6 and 7.
Will/Le Chiffre - Read 8.

Chapter 8 contains character death. Please note you have been warned.

Mistakes

Chapter Summary

Will screws up again.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! My vacation is over, the summer is ending and family will be done all visits after the 30th!

In other words, I should be able to resume writing properly and getting posts up in a timely fashion again soon. Woohoo!

Thanks to everyone for being so patient with me, reading this story and casting a vote. None of you are making this very easy so I'm going to write the story in one direction and then post an alternative ending after I'm done. ;D

On with the update!!

I own nothing.

Not beta read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will returned to find the pair quietly discussing one bet or another as they played a few quiet hands. His stomach was rolling, a nervous anticipation coursing through his blood like fire as he listened to the deep accented voices rumble behind him. The pair, he noticed, had switched to French.

It was a habit Le Chiffre sometimes took with his clients when talking business if Will was about and they had something particularly private to discuss, though he had only heard him change to German up to that point. It almost made the ex-profiler feel a bit smug, listening into a conversation he was meant to hold no part in because the pair assumed him ignorant of any other tongue.

Will had never revealed his old talent in Cajun French, much rougher around the edges then the refined words the pair were rolling from their tongue with genuine ease, but it would see him through a pinch if one presented itself. He had half-forgotten the skill over time, finding it more of an insult to the refined men sitting at the table than anything to brag about.

Strolling to the small bar Will poured himself three fingers of whiskey, allowing the pair to believe their conversation was being kept private as he played dumb to listen in. Turning to watch them play he furrowed his brow as though trying to read the conversation passing between them through tone alone.

Though truth be told Will could speak it better than he could read it, and understand it better than he could form the words with his own tongue, but it was good enough to keep him in the loop, the context of the sentences allowing him to interpret the few words he didn't recognize.

"I thought you promised secrecy and security to all of your clients." Hannibal was arguing with him, voice steady and tone set despite his obvious displeasure of another body outside his own ad the body guards being there.

"Nothing has been compromised doctor," the barest pull of lips into a smile came with his reply, eyes turning to take in the form of the beautiful man sipping expensive whiskey to their side. "Will played against me a year ago and lost, he belongs to me now." Drinking in the sight of the curious ex-agent he switched back to English. "Will, would you please show doctor Lecter your ankle?"

The monitor was no longer a piece of security, but an accessory Will chose to wear, the key to its fasten kept in his own bedside drawer to remove as he pleased. After dressing in the thick metal band for nearly six months he'd found himself wearing it more out of habit, a certain amount of security in its fastening around him, a sense of belonging.

Setting his glass to the side Will gripped a small amount of fabric in hand and lifted the pant leg enough to reveal a gleam of platinum to Hannibal. Their voices fell back to French, Will didn't have to feign being perturbed by their efforts to keep him excluded from conversation while he was the topic at hand, "I have no fears of Will disappearing to give secrets to the FBI. He has proven his loyalty to me several times over, including an act of poisoning on my behalf." A protection he would not soon forget. Will had even gone so far as to follow the man they had been working to kill out into the parking lot, preventing him from reaching the antidote hidden in his car in time to save himself.

It had saved his life.

"He led the FBI to me," Hannibal explained, "a red herring to draw me into their trap." He laid a hand, collecting several chips from the table to add to the growing pile of his own. "I do not wish for a repeat performance, not for myself or my accountant."

"There won't be." Le Chiffre assured, dealing another hand, "From the time I have spent with him I believe that his betrayal to you is his biggest regret." Will had to take several large swallows of the rich amber liquid to stop from looking guilty, turning his back to the pair as he made to refill and give his illusion of ignorance a break.

Eyes the color of bloodied earth burned into his back as Will poured another triple, the man he used to love studying him. "You're a gambling man Le Chiffre, high stakes." He folded his hand, laying it to the tables side as he took in bicolored eyes. "I will place my entire fortune in the pot if you wager your *prize*."

Dual-colored eyes met maroon, a deadly silence falling behind them. “Sorry, but that offer isn’t on the table. I won’t gamble Will.”

Downing the three fingers of pricy whiskey, Will licking the essence of vanilla, honey and smoke from his lips before standing between them, he felt his stomach flip as he stood before them, jaw set, fingers curled into fists, “Do it.”

“You speak French?” Hannibal asked, amusement lacing his words. The interruption made in his favor, he could forgive the ease dropping for a chance to win Will back.

“I understand more than I can speak,” Will answered without taking his eyes from Le Chiffre. “Put me in the pot.” He didn’t know what he was doing, acting selfishly on an impulse drawn from feelings long since buried and dragged to the surface. He didn’t know what he wanted, only that he wanted back in that pot.

Bicolored eyes tried to read him, to see if this was Will trying to return to Hannibal or the trust of his keeping him safe for a chance to steal something, even something as meaningless as money, away from the killer who had taken his world. “If that is what you want.” He reached into his pocket, retrieving a small velvet box to place in the middle with the rest of his chips, “All in, your fortune against Will, one hand.”

Will stared at that little black velvet box and felt his stomach drop, he knew there was only one thing he was going to find inside to represent him.

He’d fucked up again.

“Texas hold’em.” Le Chiffre announced his demeanor all business as he laid the five cards between them and a pair each.

“Is this how you won William?” Hannibal smiled, flipping his cards on the table to reveal a two and an eight. “You gambled the information you had regarding myself against the odds that you could win Will?”

Le Chiffre spared him little more than an icy glance, giving no answer as he flipped his own pair of tens before moving to the cards in the middle: two, three, eight, nine and ten.

He tasted bile, his throat burning as he watched the doctor rise from the table, picking up the small velvet box from its center to pop its lid and look upon what wasn’t his. “I’ll be making a large withdrawal this afternoon.” He told Le Chiffre, snapping the box closed to roll between his fingers, “All of it, I’ve decided to place my funds in the safety of oversea accounts instead, a better interest rate.” His smile didn’t reach his eyes as he took in the banker, all too pleased with the outcome of the day.

“You lost.” Will had known it was a possibility, but it hadn’t been one he’d been counting on. He turned stormy eyes to search for ice and coffee, Le Chiffre’s mouth set in a tight line as tears of salt and blood began to pool.

“Yes. I did.” He didn’t look at him, as though he were refusing to meet the empath’s eyes. “A chance you should have better considered before volunteering yourself like a cheap plastic

chip.” He bit the words, refused to let the burning in his eyes become more than that, the run of blood down his cheek he could not stop, but the tears he would not shed. Not for Hannibal.

“Le Chiffre-” he didn’t let him finish.

“Get out.” Quit, as still as the breath of a dead man. Will had cut him as deeply as he had once cut Hannibal. There would be no physical marking to remind him of this open wound, only the scar within his mind, a new nightmare to be relived in the dead of night.

“Come along Will.” A hand to his waist led him away, guiding Will from the man he had come to love as each made to follow the terms of their agreement.

He didn’t want to go.

They disembarked, climbing from the boat to the dock with every step feeling as though he were leaving a piece of his soul behind, his heart an open bleeding thing as he stepped off of that boat, light headed and sick, his throat tight as he watched the motors move the water in waves, the yacht pulling away from the dock to leave Will abandoned with the wrong man.

Hannibal lifted the small black box from his pocket, examining it for a moment as though he might have actually debated giving it to Will before tossing it over the dock and into the salty waters below.

He allowed Will to watch it sink, the little box slipping out of sight as it disappeared into the Adriatic Sea. He would never see the treasure that had been hidden inside.

Just as he would never again see Le Chiffre.

OoOoO

“You keep giving yourself regrets Will,” Hannibal commented quietly, working the thin wire of the lock pick in Will’s ankle monitor. “I’m beginning to suspect you of being a masochist.” A pleased hum accompanied the sounding pop of the cuff coming free, the mark of ownership, belonging, he had worn for Le Chiffre walked to the window and tossed to sink to the bottom of the canal.

Will couldn’t bring himself to watch as the monitor was discarded, stormy eyes instead focusing on the newly revealed skin, sensitive to the touch of cool air to its surface after so long hidden beneath the cuff. He frowned, twisting his ankle as Hannibal took the joint once again in hand, skilled fingers rubbing flesh so much paler then the rest of his own, the sun kept at bay by the strip of metal that had surrounded it for a year to the day. “I can’t seem to get it right.” He laughed, hollow and empty and so much like the man Hannibal had first met the day Will stepped into his office.

“No, I suppose not.” He stood again, brushing his slack as Le Chiffre had their first night together, making Will ache for the mysterious banker all the more as Hannibal moved to join him on the bed.

An economy double, it was beneath the standards of the socialite who had set the bar for Baltimore's elite, common cotton sheets bleached to an off white that offended the olfactory and cheap carpeting Hannibal never would have allowed within his home. The Ripper was lying low, living a life style beneath himself to keep the freedom Will had fought so hard to take away.

They had been so selfish. Hannibal for stealing everything good from Wills' life to shape the profiler into something of his own, and Will for turning on the man he'd come to love in vengeance to do the same. "But would you truly have been happy if I had lost?"

Will wanted to deny it, but knew that Hannibal would see through the lie as easily as he saw the sun in the sky through the window.

"No," One word, one syllable, two letter, so simple in its complexity it's among the first taught to young children by their parents, yet it felt like a lead weight leaving Will's tongue. He tried to focus on his bare feet dangling pleasantly over the side of the bed instead of the winding fear that coiled within his chest, braiding with the excitement, regret and relief to leave his heart swollen and aching all at once.

"I still love you," he admitted, distracting his mind from other painful thoughts, those of his dogs, the family he had once again left behind. Their lives had always taken precedence over his own.

Le Chiffre had no reason to keep the pack, to continuing care for them with Will gone, he just hoped the wounded man wouldn't destroy them. That by some miracle he would hold onto the dogs until Will, hopefully, sent for them. At the very least he hoped Le Chiffre would open the door and allow them to find a new home of their own in the streets of France or the woods that lay not too far from their Villa. "I knew I made a mistake when I saw you in the kitchen." He felt his eyes begin to burn, a tightening in his throat he tried to swallow back, "But it was too late."

A moment of silence passed between them, heavy with all the hurts that had come to pass, "I've missed you as well." It was the most honest statement to leave the monsters mouth since Will had met him, a honey laced with more poison than any lie had ever been. "I find myself looking for pieces of you within my life and my dreams." A hand slid over Will's own, gently gripping the fingers there to see if perhaps the ex-profiler might hold his back.

It was to both of their surprise that he did.

"I've ached for you every day," Will laughed, recalling all the moments wasted with Le Chiffre on thoughts of Hannibal, bitter and angry with himself for the wasted time. Now he had Hannibal and would ache for Le Chiffre, a new emptiness carved into his heart. "I had used the FBI's resources to find Le Chiffre, approached him myself in the hopes of finding you." To try for a second chance, bring him in or to obtain the death he deserved, even to Will it still wasn't known. "You left me in limbo Hannibal, dead and alive. I've been floundering to find my way out ever since."

Stormy grey found deep maroon, a silent conversation passing between them that not even Will, for all his empathy, could understand, not until he felt the shift of broad cool hands

more familiar that he thought he could remember trail his arms from shoulder to embow, sliding behind his back to guide him closer and close the space between them.

The kiss was nothing but hunger.

Strong fingers knotted soft curls to pull the empath tight against him, encourage lithe limbs toned with muscle they had not been adorned with before to settle around his waist as he hooked his arms beneath him to move them farther up the bed.

It was a passion built in loneliness and longing for nearly two years, all coming to a boil and spill over in one moment of contact desperately needed by both.

“Hannibal,” Will barely managed the name between biting kisses, a tongue plunged deep into the cavern of his mouth to map it’s depths as though something might have changed since last they’d lain together.

Lungs burning with a need for air he pulled back from Will breathless, popping the button of his slacks to drag the dark tailored cloth over his hips and past his knees, discarding the article to the floor. “I’ve missed you,” Hannibal said again, eyes drinking in the sight of Will’s form, sliding broad hands Will had missed with a consuming darkness up the length of his thighs to press the limbs apart, ducking his head to adore his flesh with kisses far more gentle than they had ever been before.

He had missed him, longed for Will as he had been longed for and the relief to once again have his profiler beneath him showed in the gentle desire to feel instead of possess. “I missed us,” He corrected, breathing deep the scent of Will and sea water, the drying salt on his skin that seemed to suit him so much better than his awful cologne ever had. He could taste it with every salty kiss pressed into his body, the essence of the Adriatic Sea ghosting across his tongue as he slid the moist pink muscle from the base of Will’s swelling cock to the dip of his navel.

Hands combed through his hair, dragging the killer up the bed to meet kiss swollen lips in a crushing kiss, their hips meeting in a feverish grind to have the pair gasping moans against each other. “Yes,” Will swallowed air, tried to push away the guilt that washed over him like an ocean as he fought to push Hannibal’s pants down past his knees, freeing his erection to rub against Will’s own. “God *yes*,” He arched as skin rubbed skin, slicked by the beads of precum that smeared tacky between them.

Will took him by the shoulders, rolling the Ripper onto his back as Will moved to straddle his him, feeling the press of cock between the mounds of his ass and making his own swollen flesh jump in anticipation. “Beautiful boy,” Hannibal purred, watching with half lidded eyes as Will took his shirt by the ends to lift overhead, revealing to the killer the flesh that had been marred by his hand from hip to hip and the pert nipples that stood begging for attention from his keen mouth. “I will never let you go again.”

Will moaned, grinding down against the heavy flesh beneath him. Stormy eyes made blue with lust watching as Hannibal shifted bringing him down, closer to his thin lipped mouth as hands skimmed the naked flesh of his sides, feeling the round of his hips and swell of his ass.

Will's own fingers found their way to Hannibal's shirt, popping the buttons with a desperate need to see the flesh hidden beneath them.

Chest hair made silver by an age the killer did not feel slid beneath Will's hands as he pushed the shirt apart, catching nipples between his fingers to brush and make the doctor shift with a pleasure of his own, a sharp breath and narrowing eyes Will's reward for his effort.

Leaning forward he returned the favor with his mouth, capturing a pert nipple between his teeth to tug and pull before sucking it into his mouth, rolling the nub with his tongue to make the younger man above him jerk with sudden sensation.

"Top drawer," Hannibal instructed, licking his lips and stilling the grinding hips that pushed so pleasantly against him.

Half lidded eyes turned from Hannibal to the small night stand at the beds side, the ex-profiler leaning over him to reach the top drawer and find the cheap bottle of hand lotion provided by the hotel inside. His breath hitched, head lulling between his shoulders with gasping breaths as a skilled finger traced the tight ring of his entrance, pressing gently to his opening with teasing touches, rough and tugging without any slick to ease them. It made him shutter, breath quivering with the promise of something more.

"Don't tease," He opened the bottle, pouring a generous amount of 'Spring Fresh' scented cream into his palm, it smelt more like someone had tried to fit a tree and a rose bush in a blender and bottle it. He ignored the cheap scent and slicked his fingers, breaths shaking as the Ripper watched with lust blown eyes, only the barest ring of maroon visible around the blown pupils.

"I enjoy foreplay," He answered back, watching as the hand was lowered between their bodies, between Will's thighs to replace Hannibal's finger with his own, he traced a line slick with lotion up the back of Will's hand, before taking it gently into his own, guiding the first digit into his tight opening, "As do you." It made his shutter, eyes drifting shut to feel the slid of a slicked finger inside him, guided and directed to glide in and out, slow and stretching.

He shuttered, pressing a second to join the first, and a third too soon after. The stretch hurt, pulled at the muscle to ache as it was made to accommodate. Will didn't care, he wanted to feel him, he wanted to have Hannibal buried balls deep inside him, powerful thrusts rocking their bodies as one as he scented his throat and bite into him.

It had been so long since a marking bruise had been sucked into the flesh beneath his shirt collar, a mark bitten into the inner flesh of his thigh. It was something Will hadn't though he would miss and one of the things he'd longed for the most.

The eager preparation wasn't missed on Hannibal, his lips pulling with the barest shift into a sly smile as he forced Will's stretching movements to slow, frustrating the man atop him with slow, deep thrusts. "If you rush it, you will ruin it, Will. Relax, take your time." He tugged Will's hand free, replacing the slicked digits with three of his own to move rough and un-slicked but for the lotion smeared on his inner walls. He leaned forward pressing a gentle kiss to the corner of his mouth as he buried his fingers to the knuckle and hooked, stroking the

prostate he knew so well to make Will jerk, “I’m not going anywhere, not without you.” He kissed him again, stilling the digits within to force stormy eyes to meet his own.

Will laughed again, pleasure and disbelieve. He could never keep anything good for long. Hannibal, Le Chiffre, his dogs, he wondered how long he would have this. “You can’t make that promise Hannibal. You’ve already left me once.”

“You betrayed me and I retaliated.” He corrected, another stroke to the bundle of nerves buried deep within, it had Will arching, his profiler spreading his legs wider to accept a forth finger to fill him, stretch him and make him ache with pleasure. “I had never planned to leave you, I had even offered you the chance to make things right.”

Will swallowed, hard, forcing his mind toward the conversation at hand and not the growing pressure in his lower body demanding release. “I’m sorry,” he closed his eyes and saw blood, another thrust of fingers forcing them open to chase away the dreams of carnage. “I made the wrong choice.” He had been Judas in his betrayal, “I’ve regretted it every day since.” He blinked to another flash of red, pale skin and fading blue eyes.

Someone else he’d failed.

Fingers pulled free again, the excess slick quickly smeared along Hannibal’s swollen cock, “Did you?” bloody eyes trailed the length of his body, examining the fill of muscle and glow of healthy flesh. Will had never looked so well. “You look as though you’ve been healing fine without me.” A firm grip to hips still bony and sharp had Will easing back to sit on his cock, the swollen head pressing against his slicked opening like a kiss, gentle and teasing.

“Looks can be deceiving doctor Lecter, you should know that best of all.” The smile was slow and thin and wide, darker than the small polite things he shared with the lambs who encountered him in the office or at a gala, it was the smile of a predator, one who was amused.

“I should, shouldn’t I?” He pushed into Will in one smooth thrust, sheathing himself to the root to hold the younger man seated against him with a bruising grip before flipping them as one, landing Will hard on his back to drive another thrust roughly into him.

His toes curled with the sudden familiar pressure filling his insides, he wasn’t as large as Le Chiffre, didn’t fill Will as completely as his banker had, stretched tight and full to the point of breaking around his heavy flesh. But Hannibal was skilled with the human body in ways the banker would never be, a medical knowledge applied during sex to leave him reeling, “It was a lesson you taught me Hannibal, one hard learned.” The words were breathless, his blunt finger nails digging into flesh to leave red lines in a long draw up the killers back as another thrust pushed rough inside him, finding his prostate to press against and make him reel.

“It was never meant to hurt you Will,” Hannibal breathed through his own pleasure, dragging moans from the man beneath him with each powerful thrust into his yielding flesh, “it was meant to help you awaken.” He kissed him, hard, consuming, broad skilled fingers sliding over planes of flesh to touch nerves and points Will had long since forgotten felt so good when stroked by the doctors hands.

Will moaned into the mouth that drank his cries like wine, body arching off the bed and against the man thrusting into him, wrapping powerful arms around his waist to hold Will steady as he filled him again and again. “I don’t know which one of us fucked up more,” Will managed between cries of pleasure, wrapping lithe legs to lock around the killer’s waist, heals pressing into the small of his back as he urged him on. He felt as though he’d been dying, slowly starving to death without realizing exactly how hungry he’d been until given the feast set before him. Now he gorged.

“It doesn’t matter,” he buried his nose in curls as soft as satin, breathed deep the scent of sea water, sex and Will, his Will, “not anymore.” His mouth found the velvet skin of Will’s throat, a sun kissed canvas begging to be ruined. He ran a broad tong over the flesh there, drawing another long moan as he thrust into Will, mouth closing over the skin to bite, force a cry as he sucked a dark purple bruise behind his jaw, a beautiful gem to be worn on his skin like a branding.

It was his mark of ownership over the man beneath him, a ring of black dotted teeth like an onyx chain beneath the amethyst splash.

Le Chiffre, may have held Will for a year, kissed him, fucked him, branded him with his rings and bands of platinum, but Hannibal had long since carved a place for himself in the darkest caverns of Will’s mind.

He would always belong to him.

Will arched, screaming as he came, his hot seed spilled between them as his body clenched tight around the Rippers heavy cock set within, tearing Hannibal’s own pleasure form him with his squeezing heat to fill his insides with his essence.

He marked him, inside and out.

Will was his, would always be his.

Always.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are diving to find the ring, your comments are debating Hannibal and Le Chiffre.

The author is hiding in a corner for slow updates and hoping the readers don't find her.

No More Regrets

Chapter Summary

Will has a nightmare he hasn't suffered in months, Hannibal makes a decision Will isn't going to like.

Chapter Notes

Woohoo!!! Guess who got their computer back? This gal!

So anyone wondering my computer died and took everything with it about a week ago. I've been patiently waiting to see if my files could be saved from it since and last night was delivered a tiny box containing it's brain to use as an external hard drive~<3

Now that I have all my story plots and half written chapters back I'll be back to posting and writing my normal stuff~<3 Yay!

Also, HOLY HELL GUYS!!! I have not received one, NOT ONE vote for Hannibal and Will to be together in this! All the Hannigram OTPers have decided to throw it to the wind and let Will be with Le Chiffre in this story. All of you!!! XD

Have to say it makes my day when I get your comments, love them, all of them, no matter how slow I am at replying. Thank you to everyone for reading, kudoing and commenting on this fic. I'm happy knowing it's being enjoyed. C:

I own nothing.

Not. Beta. Read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was beautiful as he slept, pliant and loose limbed in his state of rest. Kiss swollen lips parted in a soft curve, face framed in peace by the satiny chocolate curls, Will was a being meant to be immortalized in marble and paint. Instead he would be carved into memories of flesh and blood behind the doors of his mind palace.

“Beautiful boy,” Hannibal purred, brushing a stray curl away from crescent moon lashes that fell over cheeks, “So full of regrets.” He leaned closer to breathe deep the man that smelt of sex and the sea, salt and semen. It was a welcomed odor for a fisherman’s son to wear. “I wonder what it would take for you to be satisfied.”

The slide of a broad hand over a scared shoulder and down the curve of side to the swell of his hip drew a breathy sigh from the sleeping man, Will easing himself a fraction closer to the man warming the bed at his side. Hannibal allowed the slumbered movement to draw the empath closer, head on his shoulder and arm around his back to hold him near, it allowed the killer to bury his nose in those satiny salt scented curls, taste the memory or sea on his tongue from the pleasant odor.

He skimmed his fingers down the curve of Will's spine, feeling the dip of waist and shiver drawn from the beautiful man in his arms. He wondered if perhaps this time he might keep him forever, if he could trust Will to keep his secrets and in turn keep them safe or if another bloody end lay in their future.

He wanted to keep him.

A pleasant murmur parted those silken lips, the ex-profiler cuddling closer to the warmth that pressed against him, sighing a sound of delight Hannibal was only half familiar with. Though Will had found peace within his arms in times gone by, he had still been suffering, a sense of loss and fear following him even in sleep those two years ago.

If he could trust him there would never be a need for fear or loss again. Will would forever know safety so long as he remained in Hannibal's arms, so long as he didn't force his hand to kill him.

Another kiss, pressed into curls, he wondered again how long it would last, if this time he could truly trust him.

The body held within his arms seized, a sudden jerk pulling muscles taught from the man who had been so pliant and warm against him, a scream tearing from the bowed lips he had adorned no more than an hour before. Will was shuffling back, hand to the long healed wound of his stomach. "Will," he grabbed him, taking the terror roused man by the shoulders to bring him back, an icy sweat joined the tremors, his breathing erratic as he relived a memory of their past, a hurt he had carved into him.

Pushing from the killer he had once sought comfort from, Will fell to the floor landing heavy on his hip before turning to vomit. "Le…Chiffre…" the broken plea for hands he needed on his back and the cooling glass of water always offered fell from his lips before the second retch. His banker didn't' come.

Will had forgotten to whom he belonged.

"Le Chiffre?" A different body crouched by Will, a still familiar hand curling the base of his neck in a steadying hold, a comforting grip he knew to have brought him back from sheet ripping terrors in another life, one that seemed so very long ago.

"Sorry," Another shaky breath eased the heaving, the muscles of his stomach jerking beneath his flesh with the threat of another though the gagging push never came, "Forgot." He hopped the apology would be enough to satisfy a killer who had once torn everything from him so that he might be the only thing left in Will's life. He hoped the cry of another man's name wouldn't be the beginning of his end. Le Chiffre deserved more than that. Better.

“You dreamed I was gutting you.” Hannibal supplied answer where none had been provided. “It would hardly seem right to fault you for not wanting to seek me out for comfort. Not when I am the source of your pain,” Though it did not forgive the searching for another, only that he had not thought to call Hannibal’s name. Not name was better than that of the bankers. “How often do you dream of my killing you?”

A gentle squeeze of the hand on his neck, a sensation for Will to focus on instead of the ghost pains tearing through his stomach, “I haven’t had the dream in months.” He answered honestly.

The hand slid down his back, following the line of his spine between his shoulders and back, palm flat to wrap fingers around the nape of his neck in another comforting press before sliding again, following the trail of bone hidden beneath flesh, “And how often before?”

This he didn’t answer.

His silence was answer enough.

He helped him to his feet, easing Will to stand before guiding him to the bathroom and into the shower. “Wash, I will clean the mess.”

Will swallowed back the sour taste of bile still hot across his tongue. “You don’t have to do that Hannibal. There are lots of towels and face cloths. I can clean it up.” He felt guilty enough without being looked after.

“Wash.” A hand cupped his cheek, thumb smoothing over the beginning of bristle, “I am the cause of this, I will clean it while you shower and then we will return to bed.”

Stormy grey met bloody earth and he succumbed to the demand, there was no malice in his eyes, though a flash of jealousy could still be seen lurking in their depths. He hoped nothing more rose from its quiet dwelling. “Alright.” He was too tired to fight, the twitch of muscles in his abdomen still jerking as he allowed Hannibal to leave him in the shower.

Grabbing a number of towels from the bathroom shelf Hannibal closed the door tight behind him, listening for the sound of water before dropping one worn, bleach white towel over the mess and reached for the hotel room phone.

Will’s cry was something he couldn’t ignore.

“Good evening Basil, my apologies for the late call. Would you please get me Le Chiffre, I have a proposition for him.

OoOoO

When Will exited the bathroom it was to the sight of Hannibal leaving several towels outside their hotel room door. He had a guess as to why. The cleaning staff would no doubt be by shortly to pick them up. Hannibal cleaned the spot so they wouldn’t be disturbed and disposed of the towels where they could be collected with ease without the lingering smell.

“Thank you.” Will offered a half smile gaining one in return from his killer, now donned in cotton pajama pants he hadn’t thought the doctor owned.

“Think nothing of it.” A familiar hand settled on the small of his back once more, guiding him back toward their bed. “I can hardly fault you for being ill. We should probably be grateful that it was the carpet to have suffered and not the bed.” Will could all too easily imagine that little slice of hell. It had been too close to becoming an even more embarrassing outcome. One with Hannibal’s fighting to keep him in the bed and Will painting the Ripper.

Will had to stop himself from giving an internal groan at that thought. He was humiliated enough ruining the carpet, he didn’t want to think about how Hannibal still would have taken care of him and insisted that it wasn’t his fault if it had been him instead of industrial flooring. “I’m still sorry.” He shrugged, trying to erase that mental image. He didn’t need to feel guilty over things that hadn’t come to pass.

“You shouldn’t be.” He stole Will’s towel, draping the damp terry over the back of a chair before directing Will back under the sheets.

Will frowned again, glancing to Hannibal as he settled back into bed, the Ripper sliding in after him to pull Will back against him in a gentle spoon, strong arms encompassing him as though he’d never left. “You changed the sheets?”

He hummed, smiling into the damp hair twisting into cork screw ringlets around the ex-profilers head. “I did. It seemed as good a time as any to freshen up after our activities.” His fingers found the flat plane of Will’s stomach, fuller than it had once been, no longer pulling to reveal prominent bones, firm flesh and toned muscle beneath the pads of his finger. He followed the thick band of scared flesh across Will’s abdomen. A signature from the Ripper or a branding to claim what was his.

“You didn’t have to do that either.” Will caught the hand traced his flesh, intertwining long strong fingers with his own to keep them still against him, cease the flowing memory from coming back. He didn’t wonder if the touch had been subconscious, nothing Hannibal did was ever done subconsciously. Every blink of his eyes and beat of his heart was carefully planned and deliberate.

“I believe that the sheets are just as much for my benefited as yours.” He allowed Will to twist enough in his arms to see him over his shoulder.

There was a world of wonder passing through his stormy depths as he met with Hannibal’s deep maroon. He was searching for answers to a question not yet voiced. But Hannibal could read Will as well as Will could read anyone.

He’d said the wrong name, called for the wrong lover. What was to happen to Le Chiffre?

It was a question meant to find answer another day, one lit by daylight and founded by rest. “Sleep Will.” He captured full lips in a kiss that answered no questioned for the man seeking so much. “There are things to do tomorrow.”

He felt his stomach twist into a knot he hadn’t felt since hunting the Ripper.

OoOoO

“Ha-Hannibal!” Will cried, pressing back into the powerful thrusts that filled him, rocking their bodies as one on the squeaking bed. The room, as all the rooms they had stayed in since Will’s arrival, was well beneath the doctors standards. This room in particular one of the worse they’d been forced to endure. With questionable stains on the dark coloured carpet and peeling wallpaper revealing water damaged walls, the squeak of mattress springs past their best by date were the least of their accommodations evils.

Despite the foul room and broken bed, it did nothing to detour the long separated lovers from indulging in each-others flesh.

Another cry of pleasure was torn from him, body arching back as he felt the fat head of Hannibal’s cock drive home on the bundle of nerves buried deep inside, making pleasant lights of pleasure dance behind the ex-profilers eyes as he gripped the sheets in tight fisted hands.

“Hush,” Hannibal soothed the whimpered moans, fingers gripping hard enough to bruise as he forced his heavy girth into him with exact force. He wanted to make sure Will would feel it when they were done. Every step a reminder, every seat drawing a gasp and a shutter with thoughts of Hannibal’s cock, every shift a reminder to whom he belonged.

There was no warning when Will came, his body growing tense as he found his end with another deep and powerful thrust into his being, muscles clenching to force Hannibal’s own end with a strangling hold around his buried cock.

He filled the empath’s insides with his heat, painted his inner walls to mark his body inside and out. Flesh painted with dark purple finger prints along his hips and body filled with his essence.

Easing free he fell to Will’s side and watched as the younger man fought to catch his breath, face a beautiful shade of rose against the dingy sheets. It made the room more bearable to have him in it, to hold his lean form against his own and know that he was his.

At least for the moment.

“I have a surprise for you.” Hannibal smiled, pressing soft kisses into wayward curls; it drew a lazy sight of content from the man beginning to slip into sleep at his side.

“I don’t know if I want a surprise.” Will murmured, fighting off the tendrils of sleep pulling at him. He was full from a lunch he didn’t want to know the contents of, fucked out and feeling more than a little good for the moment. Orgasm tended to have that effect. Regardless of how his sleeping schedule might have been arguing with him on that.

A low hum of amusement rumbled through the older man’s chest to have Will pressing into him more. It was a welcoming sound, a welcomed sensation and one he had missed for more than two years.

He missed the soft hum of songs he didn't know while cuddled close to a body not nearly as toned just as much.

He missed Le Chiffre.

"I think you'll like this one." He offered the profiler another gentle kiss before sliding free from the body he'd been wrapped securely around, padding across the questionable floor in bare feet to open one of their travel bags and carefully extract a pair of suit bags before returning to their bed.

After nearly a week of laying low in cheap motels and hotels well beneath the socialites standards it was no small surprise to Will when Hannibal laid the tailored Armani on his side of the bed. "What's that?" He frowned, sitting up to look at the very expensive suit. Rich fabric slid smooth beneath his fingers as stormy eyes turned toward the killer opening his own suit bag to examine the product protected inside.

"A suit," He answered matter-of-fact with a smile that made Will want to hit him with a pillow. "A rather nice one actually." He examined the seams more closely, "I prefer Canali, but change is good." He said it as though he wasn't comparing two several thousand dollar suits like paper to plastic.

Will turned his attention back to the one in his own hands, "I can see the obvious Hannibal, why do I have one? I thought we were lying low," Avoiding Jack, the FBI and any other international justice organizations that might be chasing the Chesapeake Ripper.

He canted his head in the ever familiar fashion whenever regarding Will and a question he found most curious. "As I said, I have a surprise." He offered another kiss to the suspicious ex-profiler, soft and opening as if meant to consume his doubt and bring reassurance to the man who knew better than to trust.

"Is your surprise taking me to a hotel that doesn't smell like its last residence died in it?" Will laid the suit back in its bag.

"Yes actually." He appreciated the look of surprise. "I'll need you to shave. There is a dress code to abide by and a small party before-hand I would like to attend."

Will scoffed, "You just don't like my beard," he lifted a hand to feel the harsh rasp of three day growth against his fingers before relenting that he would probably be better off if he shaved. "Is there a reason we're taking such a high risk Hannibal? I'd rather keep you and sleep in a box then lose you over one night of comfort."

"You won't lose me to this." It was a promise; one will didn't understand how he could possibly keep. "Shave, wash," Will moved to rise from the bed, a quick movement of arms catching him around the waist before he could make his getaway, "don't shower." He caught the shell of Will's ear between his teeth, "I don't want you cleaning yourself of me." A skilled finger pushed inside his already abused hole, dragged a strangled gasp from kiss swollen lips as his prostate was found with ease and stroked. Will could feel the remains of their activities slipping within him with each press of the finger, when a second joined the

first to press unyielding against his pleasure there was little else would could be but arch and cry. “I want to know you’re filled with me for tonight.”

He nodded, shuttering when he was finally released. Making his way to the bathroom Will felt every shift of muscles with a sharp ache and the slip of cooling cum on his legs.

If Hannibal thought he wasn’t cleaning most of that off he was sorely mistaken.

OoOoO

The hotel was beautiful, rich and elegant in design. With ivory Roman pillars, walls marbled in white on gold and low hanging chandeliers Will had to wonder what the hell they were doing there. Lying low, that was the plan until they reached someplace that didn’t extradite. He’d already lost Hannibal once, fucked up with Le Chffre, he didn’t want to lose it all again for nothing.

“Breath Will, everything will be fine.” A hand to the small of his back led him to the front desk where Hannibal handed the man behind the counter a gold coloured envelope and a moment later received a key.

Will tried to find comfort in the warm touch caressing his back, tried to focus his mind on the dull ache making itself known with every step and not on the possibility of spies or agents waiting to make an arrest. “How can you be so sure?”

He let Hannibal lead him down the long golden halls, a hotel he was familiar with then, perhaps one he had enjoyed the accommodations of in the past, maybe alone to enjoy the sights at his leisure or with the company of another lover. They would be beautiful whoever they were, aesthetically pleasing and brilliant in mind. Hannibal’s tastes were specific, even for his affairs.

They stopped before a set of large double doors; two men dressed as finely as Hannibal and will save for the name tags pinned to the wing of their suits, standing guard before them. Producing a secondary envelop from his pocket, the same gold envelop as the first, Hannibal pulled from it a thick ivory invitation card and within a moment the doors were opened, “Because this was arranged specially for you.”

Will felt his heart stop as he stepped into the soiree, men and women mingling to elegant music, rich drinks in hand and a number of poker tables set to the back.

He turned to Hannibal, panic making his heart pound as he was led through the crowd to a man he had never thought he’d see again leaning patiently against the bar.

“Good evening Will.” Le Chiffre smiled in greeting, his poker face as prominent in this as it was at any table.

It was a game. They were playing a game and Will was the hand they’d been dealt.

“What’s going on?” He looked from one bad man to the other, Hannibal stepping forward to join Le Chiffre at the bar.

“We are giving you the chance to have everything you could ever want Will. No more regrets.”

This wasn’t a game he could win.

“Choose.”

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are trying to clone Will so he doesn't have to choose, your comments are trying to think of a way to take both killers at once.

The author is dancing around in celebration of her stories return~<3 <3 <3

Final Decisions

Chapter Summary

The choice is made.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, sorry this chapter took so long to come out, I had am amazingly bad week and this chapter got reeeeeeeeally fucking long on me, to the point that I HAD to split it, so the smut is in the next chapter, sorry guys. XD

Anyway, I know this isn't going to please everyone and I'm sorry I can't make you all happy, but there will be an alternative ending NOTHING like this one. So again, if you don't like one you should enjoy the other and if you don't like that one either I'm sorry that I can't please you. XD

On with the show!

I own nothing *sigh*

NOT BETA READ!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“No.”

One word, one syllable, two letters and it had both killers stilling as though they’d been struck.

“I love you both, I’ve hurt you both. I’m not going to go do it again.” He turned, swallowing back the confusion and pain and made the only choice he could think to save everyone the unneeded pain. “If I have to choose then I’d rather be alone.” It felt as though he was cutting out his own heart.

Shouldering his way through the crowd Will didn’t waste another moment in making his escape. He remembered Hannibal’s surprising speed, the predator much stronger, much faster then he appeared, then he allowed others to see and know. Keep them guessing, let them underestimate him, the element of surprise always on his side. Except with Will, he’d figured him out.

He knew when to run.

A hand snagged his arm, Basil, one of Le Chiffre's trusted body guards, a man he had made friends with during his year sharing the bankers life, someone who's company Will had come to enjoy. He'd been good to Will, a friend who had sat with him during his down time to shoot the shit and drink a beer when one of the others was watching their bosses fine ass.

Will took the unexpected cheap shot and kneed him in the balls.

Eyes wide he traded his grip on Will's arm for one on his goods and doubled over in pain. Will took that moment to run.

He wasn't doing this. He didn't care who had won the card game or what he'd bet a year ago. He wasn't choosing, he hadn't signed up for this shit.

"Will!" He heard his name called through the crowd, throwing open one of the double doors to knock a guard on his ass as he made his grand escape. He didn't know who was calling for him, Hannibal or Le Chiffre, he didn't care. He wasn't stopping. If they wanted him they'd have to catch him first.

He thought back to his training, how to run to catch a suspect, how to gain the speed to outrun a runner. It was training he was falling back on now. He briefly wondered how many people forgot that he used to be a cop as he readily manoeuvre around another hotel staff to fly through the door, taking the steps in a jump to hit the ground running and sprint.

Seven dogs, he had seven dogs he's played with every day, for hours once he'd moved to the villa. Sprinting through the field behind their home and rolling in the mud as he played fetch and tackle. There was no better training then trying to outrun a pack of excited dogs on your heels.

He ran blindly, feet pounding against the cobblestone in shoes that promised to slip come the first water slicked stone he came upon. But he didn't have time to take them off and run bare foot; he didn't have time to hail a cab, they would be behind him by now, pushing their own out the crowed in Will's wake to follow him out the glass doors and into the street. He had to run. Just run and get away from the tension.

He ran until his lungs burned, feet hitting heavy against the wood beneath his shoes, legs like rubber and muscles screaming. He let his legs crumple beneath him, gulping air like water as moisture soaked through the knees of his pants and he looked around to see where his feet had led him.

He was on a dock, Will noted, taking in the wood beneath him and the buildings at his back. Not just any dock though, of course not, he was never so lucky as to have something simple, he was at *the* dock.

The last one he had been at with Le Chiffre before Hannibal had taken him away.

Before he knew what he was doing Will had stripped off his jacked, struggling to his feet on numb legs as he dropped the expensive jacket to crumple on the ground. A sardonic smile twisted his lips and he toed off his shoes, pulling the too fine dress shirt over his head as he ran off the dock.

It was cold, like liquid ice wrapped around his skin to make him shiver and gasp as he reached the water's surface. "F-fuck," He laughed with chattering teeth. He hadn't expected the temperature drop, but fall was growing near and the waters were taking on a chill with the coming autumn, the warmth they held in the sunlight vanquished by the glow of the moon. Whipping salt water from his eyes he began to swim.

He knew what he was doing, why his feet had led him there. It wasn't him choosing, this wasn't him making a choice. This was Will making things right before he disappeared. Finding something that should never have been lost, never have been bought in the first place, not for him, not with his name in mind.

He can do better…

It should have been bought for someone special, someone who would make him happy without thoughts of another man haunting his lover at every turn, it should have been purchased with a life and future planed behind it that would bring love, warmth and children to a banker who had known none of it before, not for a broken man with a broken heart and a fucked up life.

He dove, swimming to the darkened waters depths to feel for something softer than stone against his fingers, searching for something that he would probably never find but had to try. He pushed off the ground, breaking surface to take more chilled air into his lungs before diving into the shadows again. He had to try. It didn't matter that the current had probably taken it, that it was lost out to sea where it would never be seen again. He had to find it, he had to get it back, give it back and disappear.

It was the only apology he could offer Le Chiffre for the time he had wasted on him.

He dove until his lungs burned; their ache all he could feel besides the icy numbness of his body below the surface. He didn't know how many dives he had made, how long he had been in the water, only that the moon had shifted across the sky and he could barely keep afloat for how tired he was.

"Will!" He closed his eyes, debated letting himself sink back beneath the water surface. He couldn't do it again. He'd left twice, let go twice and both times and taken a piece of him he would never get back. He couldn't do it again. "Will, come back to the dock before you freeze."

It was Le Chiffre, he'd found him first.

Swallowing he slowly turned in the water, looking up at the man whose heart he'd broken for reasons he still couldn't explain; a silent hope that he would be reunited with Hannibal? A want to see him loose everything as Will had lost everything and remain in his happy little world with the banker? He didn't know. "I won't choose." He shouted from the sanctuary of his water, "I can't, I'd rather be alone with my dogs then choose."

"You can't have your dogs if you're dead." It was a good point, but he still didn't want to get out of the water. He hadn't found the box yet.

“I’m sorry,” his voice fell, eyes turning toward the inky water lit only by the edge of orange streetlights and milk colored stars. “I can’t find the box.” He wanted to keep diving for it, knew he couldn’t. His body was tired.

If he went under again there was a good chance he would not be coming back up.

Le Chiffre was on his knees, hand down toward the water, “I don’t care about the box, Will. It’s a ring, metal, money. It doesn’t matter.” It should have.

Giving up because he wasn’t sure how much longer he could keep himself afloat, Will swam back to the docks edge accepting the offered hand. It was warm against his skin, almost hot in its grip on him. It was a touch he had missed more than he’d thought. “I’m sorry,” He said again, crawling out of the water with help he didn’t deserve.

“Don’t.” He didn’t kiss him but Will could read it in his face that he wanted to. Despite everything, he wanted to. “There is nothing to apologize for in this.” He slipped his jacket from his shoulders, wrapping it around Will to pull some of the chill from his bones.

“You deserve better, I can’t let him go Le Chiffre, I love him, I love you. I will never let him go.” He felt his eyes burning, throat growing tight. He wouldn’t cry, wouldn’t push that guilt on another man, a better man.

He pulled the jacket tighter around him, rubbing his arms through layers of expensive brushed wool and fine woven silk. “I know, I’ve always known.” Always known he was competing with the shadow of a man who had hurt Will so bad to haunt his dreams in shadows of terror, gutted him and broke him. Yet he had never asked Will to feel differently, never asked him to forget him, only one mention to move on before gifting him that which he craved. “It’s fine.” Blue grey eyes ringed with red turned to meet coffee and ice, “I don’t care what Hannibal meant to you before or now, I care what I mean to you and I care for you.”

Why wouldn’t they let him walk away? Why make it harder? Why make it hurt that much more?

“Don’t’ do this Le Chiffre.”

“I told you long ago Will, I do what I want.” He lifted his hand, kissed the back of his knuckles and reached into the inner pocket of the jacket wrapped tight around Will’s shoulders. He pulled from it a ring and Will knew it was the one from the box.

He didn’t slid it onto his finger, placing the ring of cold metal into Will’s palm to curl fingers around before turning to look at the end of the docks. Will followed his sight to the predator standing in silence where wood met cobblestone under the flood streetlights. “You called me with an offer Hannibal. I have one to counter.”

Will clutched the ring like a lifeline his stomach dropped as the banker stood to face the cannibal. Soft smooth hands helped Will to his feet, steadied him on shaking legs before walking to the docks end.

“We share him.” He said and Will thought he was going to be sick. Hannibal didn’t share. Neither did Le Chiffre. “I will guarantee you freedom and sanctuary from the police, the ability to travel freely and enjoy life to its fullest without hiding in the slums of cheap motels. You can return to the life you had once lived.” A narrowing of eyes, the barest shift in expression as he considered words offered and awaited the cost, “In exchange you money returns to my banks and we share Will between us.”

Will swallowed, or tried, his throat thick and dry as he watched the men before him. Hannibal would never know freedom again, not like he had in Baltimore, he would always be running. Running from Jack, running from the international police searching for him, running from bounty hunters looking to gather the six figures offered on his head.

Le Chiffre was offering him the closest thing to true, unhindered freedom that Hannibal would ever know again. It was a chance to rebuild what he once had and enjoy the luxuries he had grown accustomed to: rich food, good clothes, music and the opera. Le Chiffre could give him these things, these freedoms and guarantee his own. He also had the money, power and pull to break him out if certain events were to pass.

Deep maroon turned from Le Chiffre to Will, the only man who had ever understood him, loved him for everything that he was, Ripper and man. He knew the choice would be this or nothing at all, this or a life on the run hiding in churches and sleeping in hostels.

“Is this what you want Will?” He stepped out of the light, careful calculated step over the dock, past Le Chiffre to the man he’d come to love, “A life with both or none at all?”

Will held those eyes with his own; felt them as they burrowed into his soul, searched him for every truth and answer within. He was looking into the windows of Will’s soul as he had looked into so many others.

He didn’t deserve this.

Swallowing he pulled the jacket tighter around him. A hand caught his shoulder before he could fall, legs rubber, balance gone.

“Do you forgive me?” He touched the scare, the source of so much pain, so many memories, the cause of this night, “As I have forgiven you?”

Will nodded, words lost in fear of the delicate scene before him falling apart to shatter at his feet like delicate glass.

It was all or nothing. Everything in the pot, the game sitting on one hand and Will hadn’t yet turned over his cards. “I forgive you.” He forgave him for the scare, forgave him for punishing him so brutally for his betrayal. It was the least he could do after what he’d done to him.

“How do I know you won’t tell Jack?” He addressed Le Chiffre, keeping his eyes on Will, hands on his elbows to keep the slighter man on his feet.

Le Chiffre smiled and it was all business, Will could see it in his peripheral, the portion of his sight that wasn't focused on deep maroon. "It would be bad for business." He explained, "My clientele wouldn't take kindly to my turning you in." He stepped up next to him, drawing those searching eyes away to meet with bicolored ones as an agreement was reached between them. "But business could easily be gained if something was to happen and I broke you out."

Silence fell and for a moment Will forgot to breath, holding his breath as a change of fate was decided before him once and for all. The cards were being flipped, the game set.

"Agreed."

He won.

OoOoO

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are taking it from behind, your comments are trying on both boys at once.

New Beginnings

Chapter Summary

The boys work on their relationship.

Chapter Notes

A big thank you to everyone who has read, kudoed and commented on this little story, I have no idea how it got to be so popular, but it did and I'm still floored that you've all enjoyed it so immensely~<3

To anyone who did not get what they wanted in the last chapter and in this one I apologize and hope you'll find what you're looking for in the alternative ending I'll be posting soon. ;D

Everett_Harte I hope this story was everything you wanted it to be. C: I had an awesome time writing it.

Without further ado, I give you the final (besides alternative ending) chapter!

I own nothing.

Not beta read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He'd collapsed on the docks, relief draining the last of Will's energy to leave him a boneless pile for his lovers to handle and direct into the back seat of a taxi and back to the hotel from which he had escaped only hours before.

He was still overwhelmed, the agreement surreal to him. The other shoe had dropped, twice. He'd made the biggest mistake of his life letting Hannibal go and foolishly repeated it with Le Chiffre when he told the man to take the bet. The conversation on the docks was one that should never been.

Yet they had carried him through the glass doors he had raced through and into the elevator, helped him find his footing down the red carpeted hall and into a room he had no doubt been meant for Will and whomever he'd 'choose'. I was now being shared between the three of them.

It shouldn’t be happening; he shouldn’t have had Hannibal drawing a bath smelling of jasmine and sandalwood while Le Chiffre eased stiff limbs from sodden cloths. He shouldn’t have had the pair helping him into the tub.

But they were and it was real. Will hissed as water feeling much hotter against his frigged skin than what it actually was engulfed him, body guided by two sets of strong hands as both men cared for him. “You were in that water for too long,” Hannibal chided, cupping liquid heat in his hands to rinse seawater from curls, “You’ll be lucky not to catch a cold.”

Le Chiffre hummed his agreement, rolling his sleeves to the elbow as he took a seat on the tubs side opposite Hannibal, handing the older man a bottle of pricy shampoo. Will didn’t wait for the banker to comment, "This won't work." Will finally gave voice to the grievances haunting him as he felt skilled fingers work shampoo into his hair, massaging it into a foamy lather. He felt good and he wanted to lean into the touch. Another set of smoother hands dipped into the water, lifting one sore and strained arm to gently work the skin with a cloth.

He felt thin lips touch his shoulder, "It will." Were the simple words of reassurance offered to him from the cannibal at his back.

Will wanted to believe those two simple words, but he knew what truths lay hidden beneath them, they were bloody and cold and void of any hope for Will to find a future in. "It can't. You're both too possessive to share." He didn’t spit the words, too tired to put the energy behind them. But the dull ache of Hannibal still seated deep inside was proof enough for Will. He had taken him hard and asked Will to leave the trace of his essence inside as a manipulative measure towards Will’s choice for that evening.

“We are also too possessive to lose you." Le Chiffre amended, "we have reached a point of compromise and I do not doubt that those compromises will continue in the future."

“You don’t think that once sex comes into the equation someone is going to get jealous?” Jealous being a mild term for the bloodshed it would bring. Will knew it was only a matter of time, eventually Hannibal would leave a mark and Le Chiffre would feel the competition, or he would ask for Will to wear his platinum ring, a marking of his own and Hannibal would feel the same sense of possession in turn. It was a fight he didn’t want to happen, a pain he needed to skip.

“There’s only one way to find out.” A suggestion as the plug was pulled, one that had Will’s heart skipping a beat as Hannibal helped him from the tub, wrapping him in one of the hotel’s high count fluffy towels. Bloody earth met coffee and ice, a moment of silence passing between them and the barest pull of lips in quite agreement.

“I believe we have come to another compromise,” Le Chiffre offered, bringing a second towel to work excess water from Will’s hair, “At the very least, we will try.” A kiss, soft and promising as the towels were laid to the side, each man taking a hand to lead Will into their suite and to the bed awaiting him.

His heart stopped as he read between the lines, brought to crawl up the soft jewel toned covers to fall back against plush comforter and watch as each man began to strip.

It was going to happen. They were going to try and make this work, for him. To keep Will and to make him happy they were going to bend their nature and try.

It was enough to bring the sting of tears to his eyes, to feel loved and wanted in a way that he had never been before. Throat tight and body tired he read each man to see the honesty of their movements, they held no love for each other, no longing to share the same bed, no sense of attraction to the other. What they did, they did entirely for Will.

Hannibal was the first to finish, laying the folded garments to the side before joining Will on the bed. “Though we cannot guarantee to always agree with one another, I believe we will be able to manage this.”

He captured full lips in a kiss and felt a breath Will had been held shutter free, arms wrapping around his shoulder to hold the killer against him, pull him close and feel the heat of their flesh press seamlessly together. Will had been scared, overflowing with fear, but not for himself and what he sees. But for what he had been so close to losing entirely. So close to never having, never seeing again.

It gave Hannibal the reassurance that he had made the right decision, to feel the longing, want and need of this man toward him, for him.

Will needed him.

Will loved him.

Hannibal didn’t know if he could feel love anymore, too far removed from humanity for such warmths to stir within him, he knew that he wanted Will and his acceptance more than he wanted air to breath and the pain he had felt with Will’s rejection two years ago had been like a knife of ice pushing into his chest, his betrayal a bitter memory of acid beneath his skin.

It was a memory of pain he would bury in his mind palace to replace with a future of pleasure and promise.

Fingers knotted silvering hair as though fearing the man would disappear when released, the lithe arms that wrapped around him shaking as they held him near, their bodies pressed as one.

He gasped when he felt the second come behind him, the lean form of his other lover not so soon to be forgotten pressing flesh equally warm if not as hard against his back. “No one is leaving Will,” another soft promise of reassurance, arms moving around his waist to slide between the bodies crushed together, easing flesh apart to skim the skin of his stomach to chest with the same disregard for the ropy scare as they always had. “We will find a way to make this work.” Gentle kisses touched his shoulder, soft and soothing.

He looked over his shoulder to an eye of ice and met the banker’s lips in a kiss, opening his mouth for the tongue that touched in a silent request to enter. He moaned into the kiss when fingers found a budding nipple and Hannibal moved his kisses to Will’s throat, nipping the flesh beneath his ear to raise purpling marks to its surface.

He shuttered as the assault of his pleasure began, already lost as to who's hands were where upon him, who's clever fingers were touching his cock, teasing it into erection between the men surrounding him in a bone cage.

Moans and shutters were drawn from his quivering body as he was turned from one to the other, mouth shared in kisses to be stolen by the Ripper once more, Le Chiffre attentions turning to that of Will's body, kissing his way down damp flesh in exploring of it contours with mouth and tongue.

"Hannibal, Le Chiffre," He managed their names between kisses and moans, body too tired to do more than accept what each gave.

He moved with the hands that guided him onto his back, gasping quietly as his cock was released and Hannibal moved to straddle his shoulders, "You have always been beautiful like this," He murmured the words, a hand carding soft through ringlets as he touched his cock to Will's lips. He opened his mouth and licked the offered tip, tongue sliding along his slit to draw a deep rumbled moan from the man who knelt above him, looking up the hardened planes of body crouched over him Will met smoldering maroon eyes. What he saw within them made his breath hitch, lips quake against the fat mushroom head as he felt smooth hands on his legs, Le Chiffre parting them to bend back as he kissed his way down each thigh, licked the contour of his hips.

"The rose of his blush especially," Le Chiffre agreed, tongue finding the flesh between thigh and balls to slide wet and warm along the curve and make Will gasp, eyes falling wide as a moan came around the flesh that glided between his lips.

"Yes," Another breathy moan sounded from the killer above him, encouragement or agreement, it didn't matter. Hannibal had known his cock would not be flaccid for long with Will's sweet lips wrapped around him, the heat of his mouth and skilled little tongue tracing his flesh and teasing him hard.

He had always enjoyed Will's mouth. In the beginning of their relationship he had trained him, taught Will to take him to the root, how to open his throat and swallow him down without gaging, choking on his cock and learning the pattern to breath. His patience with him had more than paid off with the skill he had built behind pleasuring him in this way.

Calloused fingers combed through damp curls, encouraging the gentle suck of hollowing cheeks and warmth of sliding tongue, Will closed his eyes turning what little he could into the hand that touched him, his fingers knotting blankets as kisses were pressed to his cock. It was getting hard to focus, to remember to open his throat and take Hannibal all the way to the root, to swallow around his fat cock and make him shutter with pleasure from where he sat atop.

Harder still with Le Chiffre bending him farther, legs pressed back and spread wide as hot palms slipped farther down. He would have gasped had it not been for the heavy flesh in his mouth as hands pressed the cheeks of his ass apart, a kiss finding his opening before a tongue slipped inside.

He arched beneath Hannibal, pressing into the body seated on his shoulders as he felt the slick organ move inside him, stroking his walls as it darted in and out, fucking him. He gasped for air as the cock slipped free of his throat, moaning around the hardened flesh. “Don’t choke Will,” he reminded, fingers stroking damp curls to draw the attention of blue grey eyes made wild with lust to maroon. Swollen lips fell wide around his wet cock with shaky breaths as he felt another sweep of tongue move inside.

With a hand braced on the headboard Hannibal angled his hips and eased himself back down Will’s open throat, moaning as he felt the convulsive swallows move around him.

The banker pulled back smiling as he eased Will down, allowed him to regain himself and focus on the flesh he was pleasuring.

At least for the moment, he would have that attention back upon him soon enough.

Leaning past his bed mates he reached into the drawer producing a bottle of his proffered lubricant, Hannibal’s preferred oils in the drawer at its side, the suite had been arranged to suit whichever killer Will had chosen. In this case it would suit them both.

He briefly wondered what of the villa would need to be changed to accommodate their newest member before returning between Will’s legs, lifting those long lithe limbs to drape over his shoulders as he quickly slicked four fingers with cool lube.

Will shuttered as he felt a hand separating the cheeks of his ass, the first slicked finger touching his opening to circle the sensitive ring of flesh in a tease. He wriggled to urge the digit on, needing some pleasure of his own to alleviate his aching cock.

He was slow to receive such a reprieve, Le Chiffre taking his time to tease the ring further with gentle probes that pressed and circled, refusing to breach. He would not fill Will until he heard him whine around the heavy flesh between his lips.

The pleading came soon enough, Will arching as the whine turned to a groan with the press of the first finger inside him. He thrust it in it with practiced ease, finding his prostate to stroke the delicate bundle of nerves and make him scream with little effort.

Will found his voice in a cry w Hannibal removed himself, once more leaning down to capture lips in a hot kiss of thanks and swallow down his breathy sounds of pleasure as Le Chiffre worked his opening, burying two fingers to the knuckle.

“You’re so tired.” Hannibal smiled, enjoying Will’s state of loss as he slipped down the lithe body laid bare and licked Will’s cock into his mouth. The ex-profiler arched as he felt the sweep of tongue circling his weeping slit.

“Ha-Ha,” He tried for one, shaking as pleasure was poured upon him, “Le Che-!” They were relentless, a third and fourth finger being added to work and stretch his opening, curling to find the little bundle of nerves that forced Will’s voice past his lips in gasping moans, their sweet shutter turning to cries as Hannibal hollowed his cheeks to make him thrash with the overwhelming pleasure.

He wanted to scream a name, who's he didn't know, his fingers were lost in Hannibal's hair, the older man closer than Le Chiffre who was scissoring his entrance and working in his thumb to stretch and pull his ring.

His voice pulled from him in ragged cries, gasping and pleading without words to form as he arched into the pleasure being given him.

"He won't last long." Le Chiffre intoned the obvious to the killer at his side, watching as his prize writhed before them, trying desperately to last. He was exhausted, emotionally and physically, he wondered if Will would remain conscious until the end.

Another cry and Will was coming, back arched off the bed as fingers brushed and cheeks hollowed to make him twist and scream. He shuttered the last of his release, falling back into the plush blankets. He swallowed, breath coming in short quick gasps as he tried to regain himself, easing shaking arms to prop his drained and boneless body to look down his body to the men seated below him.

Le Chiffre met those tired storm colored eyes with a smile, easing his fingers free of the tight heat that had surrounded them, earning a noise of dismay for the sudden emptiness left in their place.

He wouldn't be empty for long.

Filling his palm with anther squeeze of cool gel he slicked his cock as Hannibal licked Will from tip to navel, gathering the ex-profilers spent onto his tongue to taste all that he was.

The look in his eyes alone was almost enough to make Will cum again.

He felt his stomach drop with a new realization as Le Chiffre began to move him again, strong arms pulling Will's near boneless form to press against him, the weight of his cock pushing hard against Will's stomach.

Both men held a deep sadistic enjoyment for making him cum multiple times.

The night was far from over.

"I don't know if I can-" Thin lips found his own as Hannibal came to settle behind him, taking the lube to slick his own cock before grasping hips to lift and guide.

"You have never disappointed me Will, you have always managed before," Le Chiffre smiled with the same reassurance as always, fingers running through his hair, "I know you can do it again." Tired, loose limbed, relaxed, it would make it all the easier for him.

Teeth caught the nape of Will's neck, making him gasp as he felt the touch of hard slicked flesh against his ass, "You will do fine Will, relax." Hannibal's own words of encouragement, marking bites trailing over his shoulders as he felt the press of cock between his cheeks to touch the mouth of his opening, he barely had time be breath before he felt the breach, Hannibal's cock sliding in to fill his space much as it had not so many hours before.

“Hannibal,” He slid onto him like a glove, heavy flesh filling Will in every way that felt right, had always felt right. He squirmed on the cock that filled him, shifting to draw a pleasured breath from the man behind him, it hand strong hands gripping his hips, stilling him as hot lips found the juncture of his shoulder.

“There are two name to remember now William, don’t forget to cry for the other or you may find yourself the center of a competition.” Le Chiffre’s smile grew, pushing away the hand that reached for his cock to accommodate with a hand job. He would not be taking his pleasure in Will’s palm while Hannibal lay buried inside.

He took those lovely long legs in hand and eased them wrap around his waist, both killers taking to their knees to hold Will pressed between them. Brow furrowed at the rejection of pleasure offered, they grew wide with realization when he felt a finger hook inside him, tugging his opening wider around the cock that filled him, a second larger girth pressing against his hole and the cock already buried inside.

He felt the pressure, the push of Le Chiffre against him, seeking entrance in a space already full.

He would be taking both.

"It won't fit!" The gentle press of lips found his throat, Le Chiffre offering his comfort as the mushroom head pressed against his hole, demanding entrance, pushing until flesh stretched and he forced his way inside, making Will arch against the Ripper as he took him inch by inch into his body.

He shuttered out a cry as he took them both, not one but two cocks pressed deep inside, shifting to push against his prostate as they filled him so tight he thought he would burst.

"I can't!" He writhed between them, gripping Le Chiffre's shoulders like a life line as he was filled.

"You can, you have." A breathy sound as thin lips fell upon his own to coax them open and taste his tortured moans. He would adjust, and then he would scream to the stars in pleasure.

It was tight, tighter than either man had anticipated and had them both reeling, working to hold back their ends as Will squeezed with a strangling hold around them, muscles spasming to choke as though working to force them out.

They waited for him to adjust, for the muscles to calm and relax around them, for Will to squirm against them in a silent plead for movement, for more.

Slowly they began to move, Will having to do little more than rake his fingers down the bankers back as he felt the flesh slide within him, a slow shift of one cock in and out and then the other, each man finding his own pace within Will to move and fill hm. Pressing deep into his cavity to have him throw his head back onto the Ripper’s shoulder with shuttering gasps.

“You’re doing wonderfully Will,” A kiss, to his temple as he shuttered, cried when Hannibal snapped his hips, forcing pleasure into Will and Le Chiffre both. It earned him a look, the

banker easing himself half way free from the heat surrounding them before driving in again, forcing another sharp cry from Will and a hiss from Hannibal.

Panting in pleasure they met each other with a smile. Challenge given they held Will tighter, Hannibal to his waist, Le Chiffre his ass, Will barely had time to blink before they began, forcing pleasure from each other through Will as they fucked him full.

He couldn't think, could barely breath as he felt each thrust of cock deep inside, his flesh held hard enough to bruise as they pounded within. Too much, too soon and Will didn't think he could come for a third time that day, his body responding with the building pressure of a liquid pleasure at the base of his spine and another strangled cry falling from swollen lips when a hand found his half erect cock, tugging the flesh back into fullness. "We will not leave you forgotten William," Hannibal soothed his cries, kissing beneath his jaw as he pumped the flesh back into a hardened erection, the swelling cock pressing back against his stomach to streak his flesh with pearling cum.

He buried his face in the crook of Le Chiffre's neck, moaning his pleasure into skin darker than his own, clenching muscles to force screams from his partners as they worked to please each other and the man gripping tight around them.

Le Chiffre was the first to come, burying his thick cock to paint Will's insides with his hot seed, Hannibal was all too soon to follow, his thrusts flagging as his end came upon him and he joined Le Chiffre buried to the hilt, hot spurts of pleasure filling Will as he shuttered with the seated fullness and pumping fist around his cock, sobbing a cry when his climax was found, his own orgasm staining Le Chiffre's chest in white streaks before he fell boneless against the cannibal at his back.

He shuttered, panting as he tried to catch his breath, head lolling on the Ripper's shoulder as the men began to gently ease from his cavity, drawing another soft cry from their shared lover as he found himself empty between them. "You were wonderful Will," Le Chiffre praised, cupping his face in hands to kiss the pliant lips of a man only half conscious.

Another mouth found him, joining in the shower of kisses being laid upon him. "We couldn't have asked for better." Hannibal agreed laying Will upon the bed to be watched by Le Chiffre as he found his way back to the bathroom. He wasn't gone long returning slightly damp where he had whipped himself clean and holding two clothes, one he passed to the banker, the other he used to begin cleaning Will, whipping away smeared evidence and refreshing skin slicked with cum and sweat.

"I love you," Will murmured, his stormy eyes closed to the hands that touched him. His skin was so sensitive, fucked out and over sensitized by the repeated climax so close together. He didn't need to see to know both men had paused, each considering the other and themselves in regard to the statement, "Both of you." He clarified to the pair learning to share for him.

He hoped it worked, whatever the pair were 'compromising' between them, that this was life giving him something good and that for once it would last.

Hands were upon him again, helping him settle beneath the thick warm blankets and rich soft cotton sheets. They felt wonderful against his skin, fresh and cool. "We love you too. It's why

we can’t let you go.” He didn’t know who said it and didn’t care. He knew it was true, applying to both men as they settled into bed around him, strong arms holding him close on either side.

Life had never given Will nice things, but maybe it would let him have complicated.

An ex-profiler, a banker for international terrorism, a cannibalistic serial killer and seven dogs, what could be more complicated than that?

OoOoO

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are quietly wondering what happened with Le Chiffre's and Will's anniversary and the pearls. Your comments are prodding the author to know what Le Chiffre is going to do about Hannibal's cooking.

The author is eating popcorn and watching Will get plowed.

Alternate Ending 04

Chapter Summary

This is an alternate ending that replaces chapter 04.

Chapter Notes

Hello my darlings, I know I can't make everyone happy and usually I don't do this, but I wrote one ending for Everett_Harte and this one for me. You'll notice the first few hundred words are the same as the opening in the chapter it's meant to replace before it turns off in its own direction.

I can not thank you all enough for staying with me all the way through this story, I know it's not to everyone's tastes and I'm still boggled by the following that it received, so once again, thank you everyone who has taken the time to read, kudo and comment this story. I deeply enjoyed writing it and I'm so happy that so many other people also found enjoyment in reading it. Thank you.

Chapter 36 (haha, that's right! I reached the end of the story!)

I own nothing.

Not beta read.

WARNING - CHARACTER DEATH! HAPPY ENDING FOR WILL, BUT CHARACTER DEATH!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will returned to find the pair quietly discussing one bet or another as they played a few quiet hands. His stomach was rolling, a nervous anticipation coursing through his blood like fire as he listened to the deep accented voices rumble behind him. The pair, he noted, had switched to French.

It was a habit Le Chiffre occasionally took with his clients when talking business if Will was around and they had something particularly private to discuss, though he had only heard him change to German up to that point. It almost made the ex-profiler smile, a sense of smugness tugging at him as he listened to a conversation he was meant to be deaf to because the pair assumed him ignorant of any other tongue.

He had never revealed his old talent in Cajun French, much rougher around the edges then the refined words the pair were rolling from their tongue with genuine ease, but it would see him through a pinch if one presented itself. He had half-forgotten the skill over time, finding it more of an insult to the dignified men sitting at the table than anything to brag about.

Strolling to the small bar Will poured himself three fingers of whiskey, allowing the pair to believe him as ignorant to their conversation as they assumed. It forced back the tug of a smile and turned to watch them play, brow furrowed as though trying to read the conversation passing between them by tone alone.

Though, truth be told, Will could speak it better than he could read it, and understand it better than he could form the words with his own tongue, but it was good enough to keep him in the loop, the context of the sentences allowing him to interpret the few words he didn't recognize.

"I thought you promised secrecy and security to all of your clients." Hannibal was arguing with him, voice steady and tone set despite his obvious displeasure of another body outside his own and the body guards present.

"Nothing has been compromised doctor," the barest pull of lips into a smile came with his reply, eyes turning to take in the form of the beautiful man sipping expensive whiskey to their side. "Will played against me a year ago and lost, he belongs to me now." Dinking in the sight of the curious ex-agent he switched back to English. "Will, would you please show Doctor Lecter your ankle?"

The monitor was no longer a piece of security, but an accessory Will chose to wear, the key to its fasten kept in his own bedside drawer to remove as he pleased. After dressing in the thick metal band for nearly six months he'd found himself wearing it more out of habit, a certain amount of security in its fastening around him, a sense of belonging.

Setting his glass to the side Will gripped a small amount of fabric in hand and lifted the pant leg enough to reveal a gleam of platinum to Hannibal. Their voices fell back to French, Will didn't have to feign being perturbed by their efforts to keep him excluded from conversation while he was the topic at hand, "I have no fears of Will disappearing to give secrets to the FBI. He has proven his loyalty to me several times over, including an act of poisoning on my behalf." A protection he would not soon forget. Will had even gone so far as to follow the man they had been working to kill out into the parking lot, preventing him from reaching the antidote hidden in his car in time to save himself.

It had saved his life.

"He led the FBI to me," Hannibal explained, "a red herring to draw me into their trap." He laid a hand, collecting several chips from the table to add to the growing pile of his own. "I do not wish for a repeat performance, not for myself or my accountant."

"There won't be." Le Chiffre assured, dealing another hand, "From the time I have spent with him I believe that his betrayal to you is his biggest regret." Will had to take several large swallows of the rich amber liquid to stop from looking guilty, turning his back to the pair as he made to refill and give his illusion of ignorance a break.

Eyes the color of bloodied earth burned into his back as Will poured another triple, the man he used to love studying him. “You’re a gambling man Le Chiffre, high stakes.” He folded his hand, laying it to the tables side as he took in bicolored eyes. “I will place my entire fortune in the pot if you wager your *prize*.”

Dual-colored eyes met maroon, a deadly silence falling between them. “I’m sorry Doctor Lecter, but that offer isn’t on the table. I won’t gamble Will.”

Downing the three fingers of pricy whiskey, Will licking the essence of vanilla, honey and smoke from his lips before standing between them, he felt his stomach flip as he stood before them, jaw set, fingers curled into fists, “Do it.”

“You speak French?” Hannibal asked, amusement lacing his words. The interruption made in his favor, he could forgive the ease dropping for a chance to win Will back.

“I understand more than I can speak,” Will answered without taking his eyes from Le Chiffre. “Put me in the pot.” He didn’t know what he was doing, acting selfishly on an impulse drawn from feelings long since buried and dragged to the surface. He didn’t know what he wanted, only that he wanted back in that pot.

Bicolored eyes tried to read him, to see if this was Will trying to return to Hannibal or the trust of his keeping him safe for a chance to steal something, even something as meaningless as money, away from the killer who had taken his world. “If that is what you want.” He reached into his pocket, retrieving a small velvet box to place in the middle with the rest of his chips, “All in, your fortune against Will, one hand.”

Will stared at that little black velvet box and felt his stomach drop, he knew there was only one thing he was going to find inside to represent him.

He’d fucked up again.

“Texas hold’em.” Le Chiffre announced his demeanour all business as he laid the five cards between them and a pair each.

“Is this how you won William?” Hannibal smiled, flipping his cards on the table to reveal a two and an eight. “You gambled the information you had regarding myself against the odds that you could win Will?”

Le Chiffre spared him little more than an icy glance, giving no answer as he flipped his own pair of tens before moving to the cards in the middle: two, three, eight, nine and ten.

Will felt his stomach drop, the sour taste of bile burning his throat as he watched the doctor rise, picking up the small velvet box from the table to pop its lid and look at what wasn’t his. “I’ll be making a large withdrawal this afternoon.” He told him, snapping the box shut, “All of it, I’ve decided to place my funds in other oversea accounts.”

“You lost.” Will had known it was a possibility, but it hadn’t been one he’d been counting on. He turned stormy eyes to search for ice and coffee, Le Chiffre’s mouth set in a tight line as tears of salt and blood pooled in his eyes.

“Come along Will, it’s time to go.” A hand to his waist led him away, guiding Will from the man he had come to love as each made to follow the terms of their agreement.

They didn’t reach the end of the boat.

“I love you Hannibal,” he said tone smooth and even, “I’m sorry I betrayed you, but I’m not going back.” He smiled, tears running the length of his face as he twisted the knife buried in Hannibal’s stomach, taking the killer by surprise as he dragged it in a slow smiling line across his belly, “I’ve moved on, I’m staying with Le Chiffre.” Hands slicked with liquid copper searched the lining of the Rippers coat, taking from its pocket the small velvet box that had been stolen from him.

“I missed you,” The words, probably the most honest to have ever left the monsters lips, were as slicked with poison as every lie he’d ever fed him. He was trembling with the pain, a body Will could still remember finding safety when wrapped in arms and held beneath gasping his pleasure as much as he had cried his pain with the skilled hands that now held him for support as legs gave out beneath the stronger man.

Will watched him fall as Hannibal had watched him, lying in a pool of his own cooling blood with teeth clenched as the last light of life died in his eyes. “I missed you too.”

A hand much cleaner than his own gently pried the knife from his fingers, tossing the blade to the side as a finishing shot was blown through the Rippers head and a tarp laid over his body.

“How are you feeling?” Will turned to meet eyes with the man he’d come to love, lifting a blood stained hand to rub away the salty trail of tears that marred his face.

“Better,” He didn’t smile, letting the hands of the man he wanted slide to the small of his back, leading him to the bottom of the ship to be cleaned.

He was quiet as Le Chiffre helped him strip from blood splattered clothes, encouraging him into the shower to wash the slick of blood and clinging sea salt from his skin. Will watched the swirl of red turn to pink in the bottom of the shower, clouds swirling down the drain to disappear as nothing more than a memory and a dream.

It was as though a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, a sense of serenity and calm filling Will in a way he had never felt before. As though he had at last released a breath he had been holding for far too long.

He was free of Hannibal Lecter.

“Thank you,”

Le Chiffre smiled, turning from the yachts window to the man towelling dry behind him, “For what?”

Will let the towel fall to pool on the floor by his feet, they were alone in their bedroom below deck, the boat already moving to take them away from the dock and deeper into the ocean.

He knew there would be nothing left but the ghost of a memory when they returned upstairs, the blood and the body gone.

“For trusting me,” He took the banker by the hands, tugging him to follow Will back to the bed. “You didn’t have to. You could have told me no. Accuse me of wanting to leave.” He left Le Chffre to slip the jacket from his shoulders by the beds side as he stepped around to his dresser to retrieve a small velvet bag.

“I want you with me Will because you choose to be, not because of a gilded cage in which I keep you.” He accepted the velvet bag offered to him, pausing to catch Will’s hand and examine the thick platinum band curled around his finger. He brought that hand to his mouth for a kiss, lips touching cool metal and warm skin. “I want your love Will, how can I have that if I can’t trust?”

Long arms slipped around the banker’s shoulders, the ex-profiler pulling his body tight against his own as he met thin lips in a kiss. “You have my love Le Chiffre,” he stole another, nuzzling close against the man who had built a life from nothing but scattered numbers on a sheet of paper. “All of it.”

With two awkward steps he brought Will’s knees back against the bed, the younger man falling back against the plush bedding to push himself farther up as Le Chiffre made quick work of his clothes and grabbed a bottle of lube. “Then you have given me everything I could ever want.” He smiled at him, crawling onto the bed to straddle Will and join him, kissing him breathless with strong arms looped around his skinny frame.

“You don’t want your present?” He licked his way into the banker’s mouth, deepening the kiss as a hand felt blindly for the pouch abandoned at their side.

“You want me to do this now?” He pulled the pouches strings, opening the small velvet casing to pour its contents into his palm. His eyes grew wide at the small cascade of pearls that poured out, each a different shape, size and color in proof of their natural growth. He knew without asking that each little nacre balls had been gathered and cleaned by Will’s hands. It would have been weeks of swimming and diving and it made his heart swell to think of the thought and effort placed behind such a gift for him. “They’re beautiful.” He breathed tilting his hand to let them spill over the sun kissed plain of skin beneath him.

“Though nothing compared to you,” Beautiful was an understatement meant for angels and galaxies of stars. Will was beyond that, laid bare on a bed of soft ebony satin surrounded by nearly a hundred small ivory pearls, he looked like the subject of a painting, not a man waiting to be bedded. Donned in nothing but the soft glow of light filtering through the windows and the thick bands of silver adoring his ankle and finger, he was a gift that had been specially crafted for Le Chiffre.

“Who would have thought you were such a romantic?” Will teased, tugging him down to steal more kisses from the man he had chosen.

Broad hands Will had known nothing but comfort and love from skimmed his body as though to praise him, running the length of him to press lithe legs apart and find his place between

them, body laid flush upon him. “If you tease me I won’t let you finish.” He said against skin warmed pink with arousal, “Or bring home any more dogs.”

Will groaned as he felt the first shift of hips, cocks rubbing together between them with the first gentle roll, “No more dogs means no more sex.” He eased his legs wider, looping them around the banker’s tapered waist to lock at the ankle, heal digging into the small of his back to urge him on, press them tighter together and feel that heavy flesh of his massive cock rub against him.

“An empty threat,” he breathed between kisses and moans, arching as he moved against the squirming man beneath him, Will just as eager to please the man atop him as Le Chiffre was to bring Will closer to his edge, “Though I really should ban you from bringing home more dogs.”

“I killed a man for you,” Will reminded with a gasp, arching as a hand found its way between them to take his cock in hand and pump, “Two now.” He shuttered, bucked into the hand that held him. “Le Chiffre!”

He didn’t want to come in his hand today, to feel so overwhelmed by pleasure it hurt, he wanted to feel him, all of him, over and around him and buried to the root. Shaking fingers caught the banker’s own, tugging them free of his aching, weeping cock to press the bottle of lube in hand. “Not today?” He asked, breathless, it earned him a smile of concede.

“You won’t let me pleasure you?” He kissed his jaw, filling his palm with cool slick to smear over the swell of his cock and coat his fingers.

Will reached between them, taking Le Chiffre’s hand in his own to guide between his legs and press the first finger into him, drawing breathy little sounds from the ex-profiler as he relaxed around the familiar sensation of Le Chiffre inside him and took it all the way to the knuckle. “I want you to pleasure me, but I want to come with you today.”

It was with a slow breath that Le Chiffre watched his fingers disappear within the body of his lover, no new sight save for the slighter hand that guided him in, controlled the pace at which he filled him, the quickness he thrust inside, the number of digits he filled him with.

“It is your anniversary as much as mine.” He wet his lips, pupils blown as he witnessed the fourth finger disappear to join the rest scissoring gently to widen the opening in preparation of the cock to soon fill him. “Today, we’ll come as one.”

“Thank you,” He moaned arching back against the pillow as fingers slid free, the hand released to be replaced with something bigger.

Smoldering grey eyes met with bi-colored ones as Le Chiffre pushed his heavy cock into hot yielding flesh, urging the breathy moan from his lover as he filled him to the core. “All you ever need do is ask, Will. If it is within my power, I will always provide for you.” He kissed him, soft and sweet as arms laced around his shoulders, his own sliding beneath Will’s back to hold the toned and tapered body tight against his own.

“I know,” he breathed and rolled his hips, urging the gentle thrusts of his love buried deep within him.

They moaned together, bodies rocking as one with each roll of hips, ever other languid thrust pressing the banker’s head to brush the bundle of nerves buried deep inside that flooded Will with pleasure and made his toes curl.

“Le Chiffre,” he moaned the name of the man he loved, clutching his body close as the pressure built like pooling heat at the base of his spine. Lips parted in a silent cry it was with another thrust of cock to prostate that sent Will over his edge, body clenching around the girth buried deep inside as he spilt his end between them.

As promised, Le Chiffre was short to follow, his pace quickening only fractionally in the clenching heat before he too found his end, stilling deep inside to fill his lover with his spent. He lay there another moment on top of him resting and letting his cock grow soft before at last slipping free to roll to Will’s side, a smile pulling almost humorously at his lips.

Will felt his own pulling in turn as he rolled to face him, brushing inky hair back from the banker’s face to kiss the smile showing crooked teeth with full bowed lips, “You have pearls dug into your knees don’t you?”

“We’re never having sex on a bed of pearls again.”

They curled together laughing, smiling as they flicked small balls of nacre from the bed to roll with waves over the ships floor.

OoOoO

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading~<3

Your kudos are using sling shots to fire pearls at each other, your comments are water skiing off the back of the yacht.

The author is drinking scotch and dancing about because it always feels good to finish a fic.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Your kudos are drinking champagne, your comments are jumping from the boat to star light swims. C:

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!